

HUSTLER

A LARRY FLYNT PUBLICATION

NOVEMBER 1978 \$2.25

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MERCY OR
MURDER?**

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LUTHER
KING?**

**WILLIE
NELSON:
OUTLAW
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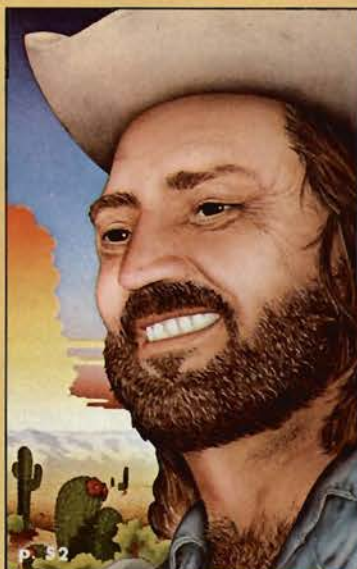
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HUSTLER NOVEMBER 1978 VOL. 5 NO. 5

U.S. subscriptions \$22 for one year. Foreign \$28.
Direct subscription correspondence to HUSTLER Magazine,
40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.
Second-class postage paid at Columbus, Ohio, and at
additional mailing offices. Printed in U.S.A.



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Human Rights



Not too long ago U.N. Representative Andrew Young stirred up a worldwide controversy by suggesting there are political prisoners in this country as well as in the Soviet Union. I agree with Mr. Young. Although I love this country, believing it to be the greatest nation on the face of the earth, I nonetheless think our system has not yet achieved perfection. And although our government has the built-in capacity for change and correction, a capacity that far exceeds the capability of the Soviet system, abuses still occur.

Fourteen years ago Andrew Young himself was clubbed and thrown in jail in St. Augustine, Florida, for leading a protest movement. In effect, he was made a "political prisoner" and denied his human rights (i.e., freedom of speech). What happened to Young illustrates both the abuses our system is capable of and also our capacity to grow and improve as a nation: Eight years following that arrest Young became the first black congressman elected in Georgia since the days of Reconstruction, thereby launching a political career that brought him to the high office he holds today. This kind of political turnabout could never have happened in a Communist country.

The recent prosecutions of Al Goldstein and myself represent yet another example of the ongoing violation of human rights in this country. Although Goldstein was later acquitted on obscenity charges for publishing *Screw*, he could have been imprisoned for a sum total of 60 years if convicted. And for what? For being an honest and fearless publisher of sexually candid material.

I think the same holds true for me. I have been sentenced to up to 25 years in prison for publishing *HUSTLER*. What Goldstein and I have both learned from these experiences is that sex, in this country, is a political issue. The right to the free

flow of information cannot exclude sexual information, whether it is written or visual. And the day I am forced to serve that time is the day I will become a political prisoner in every sense of the word.

But there is a larger political issue involved here, one hidden beneath such buzzwords as *political prisoners*, and that is the right of American citizens to an unrestricted flow of information: free speech. Free speech means the right to say what is on your mind and, equally important, the right to have full access to the information and opinions of others. In the Soviet Union, Anatoly Shcharansky and Aleksandr Ginzburg were imprisoned not because of what they said but to prevent others from hearing them. In the United States, Andrew Young was arrested in an attempt to impede the spreading of what were then unpopular political views. (Protest is, after all, a form of communication.) The attempts to imprison Goldstein and me likewise reflect an attempt to silence unpopular views.

If you really want to talk about the violation of human rights, however, consider what we have done to America's Indian population. The only difference between what the Nazis did to the Jews during the Holocaust and what we did to the Indians is that we succeeded where they failed. Despite the horror of what the Nazis did, the Jewish culture is still intact, whereas the Indian culture has been virtually destroyed.

You might think this analogy doesn't hold up because what happened to the Indians occurred 100 years ago. But, in fact, it is still happening today. At Point Conception (near Santa Barbara, California) the Chumash Indians have buried their dead in ground sacred to the tribe for more than 1,000 years. Now a conglomerate called Western LNG Associates is using every possible pressure to build a liquified-natural-gas plant on that site—a

clear violation of every cultural, moral, religious and spiritual value the Chumash hold dear. Western LNG Associates would not find it so easy to desecrate the resting places of the lily-white bodies interred at Forest Lawn.

Seen in this light, Jimmy Carter's postured concern for human rights abroad takes on a certain level of hypocrisy, especially when you consider that the President supports many foreign military dictatorships (such as the Pinochet government in Chile), which routinely deprive people of their human rights. Why, then, is he so concerned about human rights in the Soviet Union and in other countries he has never even been to, when he shows so little concern for human rights here at home?

I think the answer is obvious. Carter has been using the human-rights issue in the rest of the world as a means of diverting attention from the poor job he is doing at home in all areas, especially with regard to our continuing energy crisis. He has so alienated Congress in the last few months that his ability to solve this nation's problems has been seriously eroded. In Carter's hands, words like *human rights* become mental bubble gum that serves only to keep him in office and sell newspapers.

We Americans have proven in the past that we have a capacity to grow and to change. If we want to keep our country great, we must use all our resources to meet the challenge. But now we are failing in this task. And in the final analysis the reason for our current failure is that we are all political prisoners—prisoners suffering from a deprivation of information and from a President's incompetence.

Larry Flynt
Publisher &
Chairman of the Board

BACK ISSUES



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SHOW & TELL

Cover by Frank DeLia

Abortion is one of the most critical moral and legal issues of our time. In **ABORTION: MERCY OR MURDER?** both sides of this complex question are examined by **HUSTLER**. Favoring abortion is **MARILYN KATZ**, national political secretary of the New American Movement, co-author of *The Glasshouse Tapes*, a feminist activist, member of the Chicago Women's Health Task Force and editor of *The Reproductive Rights Newsletter*. Presenting the opposite side of the abortion issue is **JESSICA PAGE**, associate editor of *The Uncertified Human*, a pro-life newspaper published in Toronto, where she is presently working on her Ph.D. in English. Page says she's been involved with the pro-life movement for years. The two articles are accompanied by the kind of hard-hitting photographs **HUSTLER** readers have come to expect.

Our series of investigations of political murders continues with **THE ASSASSINATION OF DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.—WAS JAMES EARL RAY A PATSY?** The article is the culmination of months of work by a research team headed by author **MARK LANE** and directed by Larry Flynt. Lane, who is Ray's attorney, is a former New York state assemblyman and author of *Rush to Judgment*, as well as the author of our investigative report on the John F. Kennedy assassination, which appeared in last month's **HUSTLER**. The article is illustrated by **PETER GREEN**.

PROFILE: WILLIE NELSON is an in-depth study of the "outlaw" king of country music. Veteran rock-music writer **JOE NICK PATOSKI**, who profiled superlawyer Racehorse

Haynes for us in March and who has also written for *Rolling Stone*, *CHIC Magazine* and the *Texas Observer*, spent a week in Hawaii with fellow-Texan Nelson gathering material for this profile. The accompanying artwork is by **JIM EVANS**, who is another previous contributor to **HUSTLER**.

A liaison between **THE SOLDIER AND THE WHORE** in Paris near the end of World War II is described in this month's fiction by San Diego writer **MILTON SAVAGE**. A former Army man, Savage has written four plays and has published articles in *Logos Review* and *Transfer*; in addition, his poetry has appeared in *My Own Mag*, a British publication. He was also a reader-editor for the Oxford Press. *The Soldier and the Whore* is illustrated by **OLIVIA DeBERARDINIS**, marking her first feature artwork for us. Her smaller works have previously appeared on numerous occasions here in the pages of **HUSTLER**.

In an unusual and highly charged photo-feature by **JAMES BAES**, a blond Beauty leaves her civilized customs with her clothes as she joins a primitive Wolfman for some primeval sex. Special makeup for **BEAUTY'S BEAST** was designed by **RICK SCHWARTZ**, whose work has also been seen in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, as well as on the *Planet of the Apes* television show and the Ringo Starr TV special. Schwartz learned the art of special makeup from John Chambers and Dan Striepeke, leaders in the field and designers of the makeup for the film version of *Planet of the Apes*.

Now that you've read this far, we know you're anxious to sit back and start turning the pages. So get going.



Marilyn Katz



Rick Schwartz, Beast and Beauty



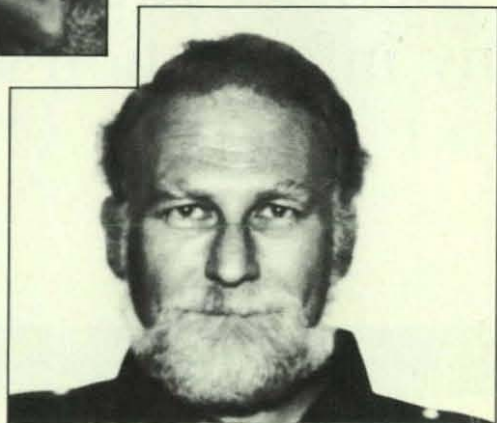
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For information leading to the arrest and conviction of person or persons responsible for the shooting of Larry C. Flynt on March 6th in the City of Lawrenceville, Georgia.

Contact your local police department with any information or effort to collect this reward.

Signed,
Mrs. Larry C. Flynt

FEEDBACK

Fucking by the Numbers: My wife and I really enjoyed your *Sex Positions* photo-guide (September). Over the course of two days we tried all eight positions (actually seven, because we've already been doing the man-atop-woman position for five years now). The rear-entry position was particularly enjoyable, but on the other hand the standing fuck was a bummer. I threw my back out and had to go to a chiropractor. Luckily, we had female-superior to fall back on. Anyway, thanks to you I was able to talk my old lady into fucking me every which way. Now I'm waiting for a good S&M and bondage pictorial for lovers.—ABE DASEYHILL, Arlington, Texas.

Reopening Old Wounds: I'm a faithful HUSTLER reader, and I admire Larry Flynt. But who really wanted to see those pictures of him in the hospital? (*The Shooting of Larry Flynt: Conspiracy Against Truth*, September.) It's a shame anyone would resort to violence to satisfy their hatred, and I'm sorry about what happened to Larry. Still, who wants to be reminded of his shooting over and over? Who besides the persons responsible would be interested in those pictures? You guys must be nuts.

Why not get those luscious models in Leisure Time Products ads and do a spread on them? That's what HUSTLER readers want to see.—EUGENE FUNKHOUSER, Pine Grove, California.

We feel that the bloodless violence of television has given people the idea that guts don't really spill when an attacker fires a gun or slashes with a knife. Perhaps if the media shocked the public with the aftermath of violence more often, Americans would be less inclined to rampage against their neighbors. The cowardly shooting of Larry Flynt in Lawrenceville, Georgia, was not an abstract incident. There was real blood behind the black ink; there was pain and disfigurement; there was no director to yell "Cut" when the scene was over and tell everyone to wash off the ketchup and go home. HUSTLER has always insisted on a policy of total honesty, and the visual information in those photos reflects the truth about what happened to Larry Flynt.

A Prickly Complaint: Ever since Mr. Flynt's hospitalization your centerfolds have sucked, and September's *Hit and Run* sucked worst of all. All we see anymore are hairy assholes and limp dicks. Who needs that shit? When are you chickenfuckers gonna get back to some real pud-pounding pussy and leave the long dongs to *Advocate* and *Blueboy*?

If you're running dry on super-plus women, why don't you cough up some bucks and feature Miss Universe Runner-up Judi Andersen, from our own USA. Now there's some real pink! Come on, you pricks, get on the stick!—J. SMITH, Albany, New York.



Mammoth Mammaries: Your September *Sex Practices* should make women stop and think twice before they undergo physical changes in themselves, namely breast enlargements, just to attract men. In the first place, I don't understand why so many men put such importance on big tits. Maybe I'm the exception, but I think the best-looking ladies have medium-sized breasts. My ex-wife was one of the sexiest women I've ever known, and she wore a 34-C bra. Ladies who want to look like goddamn cows are the biggest boobs of all.—LARRY PYLE, Pampa, Texas.

Showing Blue: Your interview with *Blueboy* publisher Don Embinder (August) was timely and educational. It was particularly timely here in California because of the battle we face in this state against the Briggs anti-gay initiative (Proposition 6), which will appear on the November ballot.

I am a heterosexual and a fireman, but years ago my cousin committed suicide when her lesbianism became known. I worked two jobs for 16 years to help raise her two orphaned children, whom I dearly love. I'd like to see the attitudes against gay people changed, because I know how common drug abuse, alcoholism and suicide are among gays today. Thanks for letting us hear from this very great guy.—GLENN GENERAUX, Northridge, California.

I enjoyed your interview with Don Embinder. The more I realize what a powerful educational tool your magazine is, the more I appreciate sensitive explorations of all aspects of sexuality. Your presentation offered an objective, healthy view of one segment of the homosexual life-style. As a member of the gay community, I applaud you for your efforts.

By the way, where can I write to subscribe to Embinder's magazine, *Blueboy*?—R. THOMPSON, Long Beach, California.

The address for *Blueboy* is 185 NE 166th Street, Miami, Florida 33162.

Shanor Mind-Fucks: I thoroughly enjoyed *The Shanor Study* (August). My friend and I often fantasize what it's like for two fat people, or two skinny people, or one fatty and one beanpole, to make love. And how does a very tall person have sex with somebody who's short? Isn't it uncomfortable or difficult?

Why don't you have a spread on a tall man or woman getting it on in various positions with a midget? We are both curious about this.—NAMES AND ADDRESSES WITHHELD BY REQUEST.

We tried to shoot a spread of a tall woman and a small man screwing while standing up, but the man kept falling out and hurting himself.

Likewise, our photo session with a 97-pound weakling and a circus fat lady turned out badly because the guy kept screwing her wrinkles and folds, and the blow job we thought he was getting turned out to be a doublechin job. At present our photographers are back at the drawing board.

Dr. Karen Shanor's description of a fantasy about amputation gave me assurance that I'm not the only one who gets aroused when seeing a female amputee. I often recall the intimate relationship I had with an attractive brunet several years ago.

After we got acquainted, I asked her to join me in my motel room for a drink. I felt her firm bust, then slipped my hand down her leg to the knee as I proceeded to undress her. She had an artificial leg, and I was anxious to see more. Soon we were nude; I assisted in removing her leg and stump sock, revealing a beautiful stump about four inches below her knee. I kissed it, then moved on to her lovely bare foot, and spent the next half hour in delightful intercourse. When she wrapped her leg around me and dug her stump into my back, I came with the gusto of a hound dog.

We later had dinner and talked. I wanted to see her again, but I never did. Now I'm married to a wonderful girl with two legs, but when I want to get sexually aroused, I play with her feet and kiss them all over. Sometimes I pet her right knee where I fancy the leg might suddenly end as a stump. — R. WAGNER, Baltimore, Maryland.

A Plea for Pee: I've been buying and enjoying HUSTLER for years. My biggest turn-on is *Beaver Hunt*. How about a full-page picture of some luscious babe taking a healthy pee? You can be sure of at least one buyer right here. —RALPH MORGAN, San Diego, California.

How about Beauty's Beast? (See page 75.)

A New Bag: When is HUSTLER going to feature photo-layouts of women douching? I'm sure it would be a turn-on for your readers.

How's this? A woman executive dressed in a blouse, skirt and tailored business jacket undresses in her bedroom. We see her remove each item. Sitting on the bed, she raises a leg and removes a stocking (but the other stocking remains attached to her garter belt).

Cut to bathroom. She gets into the tub, washes her breasts and a raised leg. Next we see her outside the tub drying off. Now she straddles a bidet, and with a douche bag attached to a hook on the wall, spreads her labia with the fingers of one hand while holding the syringe outside the vagina with the other.

A front shot shows us the syringe inserted in the vagina with the water running. Cut to shot from below of the same scene. Finally, we see the woman sitting in a chair, dressed in a negligee opened down the front, painting her toenails.

Now *that* is real jerk-off material! —A.A.A., Salem, Oregon.

Take Me to Your Cheerleader: I'd appreciate it if you guys could have a special photo-spread on cheerleaders. Not the Dallas Cowboys type with the hot pants, but the high-school variety, with white bobby socks or white cotton knee socks. And have them wearing saddle shoes. And for Chrissakes, don't get any hard-faced models who look like women trying to be girls! Get the real McCoy. You never know, it might help HUSTLER's sales. —FRANK PETERSON, New Haven, Connecticut.

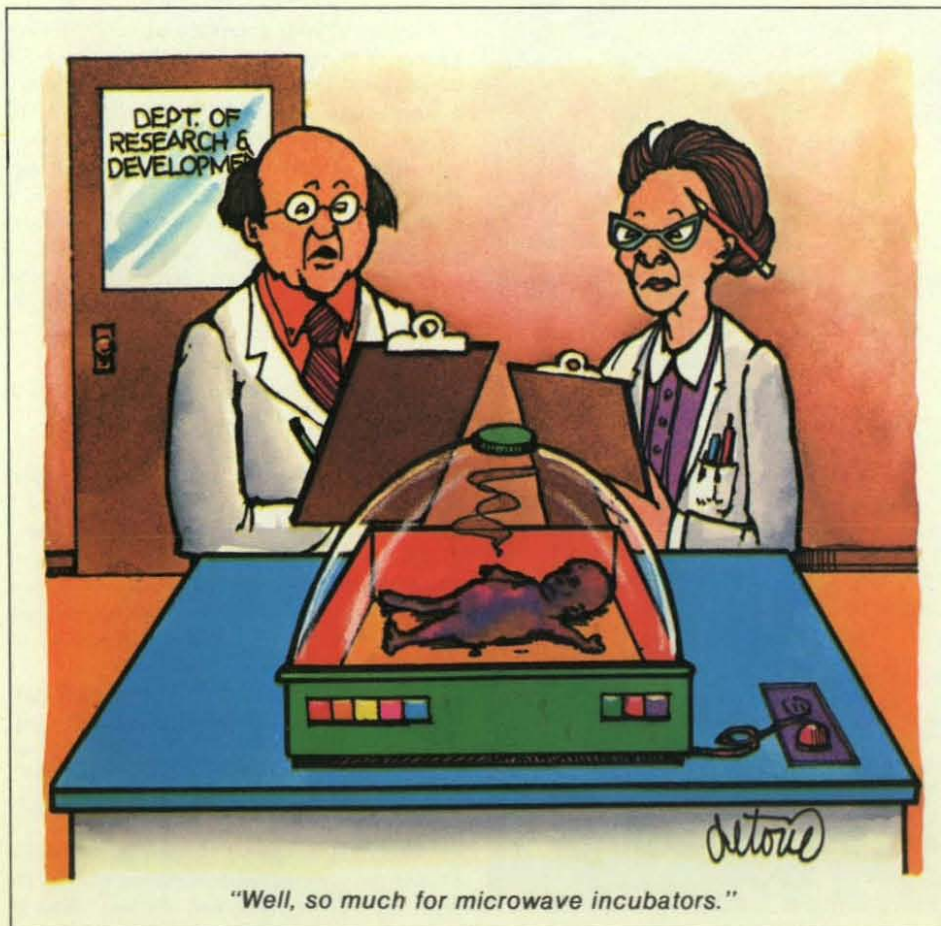
Censorship: I was sitting up here in Canada wondering what had happened to my HUSTLER *Pink Calendar* and HUSTLER REJECTS magazine, so I wrote Customs to see if they knew anything. In June, J. F. Merner of Prohibited Importations, Assessment Directorate, wrote me an official letter, telling me my shipment had been confiscated because, in his words, it was "correctly classified as immoral or indecent under tariff item 99201-1." Tariff item 99201-1 gives me the right to appeal within 60 days to a judge, but I'm not doing so because it would cost too much. —DAVID WOODMAN, Surrey, British Columbia.

For nearly a year I didn't receive any of my copies of HUSTLER. I'm a prisoner, and Warden Pete Douglas at the Lexington Unit of the Oklahoma Department of Corrections decided HUSTLER was too nasty for me. Not only did he and his cronies confiscate all my issues from August 1977 to April 1978, but they snatched up the replacements your subscription department sent me last April.

In June I filed a federal suit against the warden, and the story made the front page of the *Oklahoma Journal*. According to procedural due process of law, as set out in federal case law, the warden must give a prisoner, in writing, his reason for prohibiting each issue as it comes in directly from a publisher, and he must give the prisoner ten days to respond. Obviously, my rights have been violated. —JASON CLARK III, 91719-1, Oklahoma Department of Corrections, McAlester, Oklahoma.

On June 8 I received a disapproval slip from the Staff Reading Review Committee here at the Dallas State Correctional Institution, telling me that the centerfold of the July HUSTLER would not be allowed to reach me because it was "obscene." A month later I received another disapproval slip concerning pages 60-61, 65, 81-85 of the August HUSTLER.

The committee gave me the option of sending my HUSTLER issues back to you at my expense; accepting the issues with the above pages removed; sending them home at my expense; having both HUSTLERS destroyed; or appealing the committee's decision. Naturally, I appealed, but Super-



"Well, so much for microwave incubators."

Chicware

A JW CREATION

Introducing the most exquisite and distinctive family of silver that's worth its weight in gold. Offered exclusively by Leisure Time Products, the CHICWARE collection combines the finest quality sterling, flawless craftsmanship and unsurpassed design.



(a) *The Queen Filigree Spoon* — \$14 — unmatched design engraving for her very, very special pendant.

(b) *The King Filigree Spoon* — \$14 — handsome, distinctive detail for his key chain, pendant, or as a pocketpiece.

(c) *Saber of Love w/Chain* — \$30 — a truly workable piece of fine jewelry as a cutter, spoon, crusher and pendant all in one.

(d) *4 Gram Vial* — \$64 — (e) *1 Gram Vial* — \$40 — (f) *2 Gram Vial* — \$50 — • all of hand-made, mirror-finish sterling • precision threaded, air-tight, water-tight and moisture proof • tempered glass lining for extra strength and perfect for carrying anything from perfume to body oils and any other precious substance *each with its own built-in spoon.

(g) *Silver Funnel* — \$20 — uniquely smart design to fit all vials and perfect as a pendant.

(h) *1 Gram Vial Pendant* — \$50 — mirror-finish sterling and a fashionably designed accessory complete with air-tight, water-tight top, extra strength glass lining, built-in spoon and 18-inch sterling rope chain.

(i) *Razor Scabbard Pendant w/Chain* — \$20 — this hand-crafted unique accessory can be worn or carried as a pocketpiece.

(j) *Silver Straw* — \$20 — 3 inches of sterling class, angled and sized for easy use and air flow.

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3696	Saber w/chain(s) @ \$30.00	3690	1 Gram Vial(s) @ \$40.00
3692	4 Gram Vial(s) @ \$64.00	3697	Razor Pendant w/chain(s) @ \$20.00
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Date _____

Phone Number (include area code.) _____

Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC:

Interbank No.		Exp. Date	
		mo.	year

Subtotal \$ _____

Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax \$ _____

Postage, handling and insurance 1.50

TOTAL \$ _____

I am of legal age and I understand that if my merchandise is defective due to craftsmanship and returned within 10 days it will be replaced free of charge, otherwise, all sales are final. All orders are discreetly packaged and promptly delivered (Foreign orders: Use International Money Order or Certified Check in U.S. dollars, add \$5.00.) Prices guaranteed for 60 days only. Quantity orders invited.

FEEDBACK

intendent Glen R. Jeffes and Commissioner of Corrections William Robinson upheld the committee's censorship.

Many prisoners here subscribe to HUSTLER, and we're not content with getting partial issues. How, we wonder, can this institution classify parts of HUSTLER as "judicially obscene" when said magazine is allowed to be shipped through the mails? The easy way out would be for us to cancel our subscriptions, but that wouldn't solve the problem, and we'd still be denied access to your magazine. Frankly, we feel we've been stripped of our rights.—FRANCIS BOBKO, JR., M-0216, Dallas State Correctional Institution, Dallas, Pennsylvania.

This letter is only one of several complaints we've received from Dallas, Pennsylvania, inmates. A panel of sexually repressed bluenoses is using loosely defined laws to censor certain parts of magazines as "judicially defined obscenity." The puckered assholes on Dallas's Staff Reading Review Committee have taken it upon themselves to cut out all pages of incoming magazines that depict masturbation, intercourse, fellatio, cunnilingus and anything else that appeals to "prurient interest" while lacking "serious literary, artistic, political, educational or scientific value."

The Pennsylvania Bureau of Corrections claims it has the right to set community standards of obscenity, but that sounds like dictatorial horseshit. Any way you look at it, a cabal of limp-dorked prissies is violating the

rights of Pennsylvania's inmates as guaranteed to them by the First and 14th Amendments to the Constitution.

The three above letters have been passed on to HUSTLER's legal staff for its consideration.

Strike Back: HUSTLER readers who are truly concerned about the increase in violent crime in America and who wish to attack this problem within their own communities are invited to request *free information* about Operation Strike Back. This is a citizens' program designed to thwart criminal benefits while aiding deserving crime victims and their immediate families, as well as law-enforcement professionals.

Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope with all requests and direct them to: Miss Connie Francis, National Chairperson, Operation Strike Back, National Association for Crime Victims' Rights, P.O. Box 16161, Portland, Oregon 97216.—RAYMOND L. MONTEE, Executive Director, Operation Strike Back, Portland, Oregon.

Garbage: My name is Todd Sommers. My belief is this: In order to get rid of a mountain, you dynamite it out of existence. In order to destroy an insect, the killing of it is necessary. In order to destroy a people who have a very strong and moral belief, one must sooner or later face them in a physical rather than an all-mouth situation.

In other words, people finally forget or ignore what a mouth says when a mouth

seeks only its own words at the expense of an honorable person's way of living.

The best way to *deliver* my philosophy to you in blunt form is in this truthful capsulized form: The way to get rid of garbage is to get rid of it.

My understanding of you and your followers is that you are maggots crawling on garbage in your very own garbage can. Unfortunately for you, your garbage has no right to infest the air I have to breathe in.—TODD SOMMERS, Sacramento, California.

In an atrocious Communistic cartoon (August, page 11) how could you associate such notorious human savages like Idi Amin, Adolf Hitler and Charles Manson with someone like former President Richard Nixon? No matter how anybody feels about President Nixon, he was once a leader of this great country. With magazines like HUSTLER—which clearly advocate Communistic, filthy, perverted and corrupt views of "free expression"—we won't continue to be so great.

I can only regret that Larry Flynt wasn't shot with a smaller-caliber weapon, so that he could suffer even worse. However, I am hoping Larry Flynt lives a long, painful, unhappy existence until his death, so that he can eternally burn and rot in hell!—SERGEANT M. OLANO, United States Marine Corps, San Diego, California.

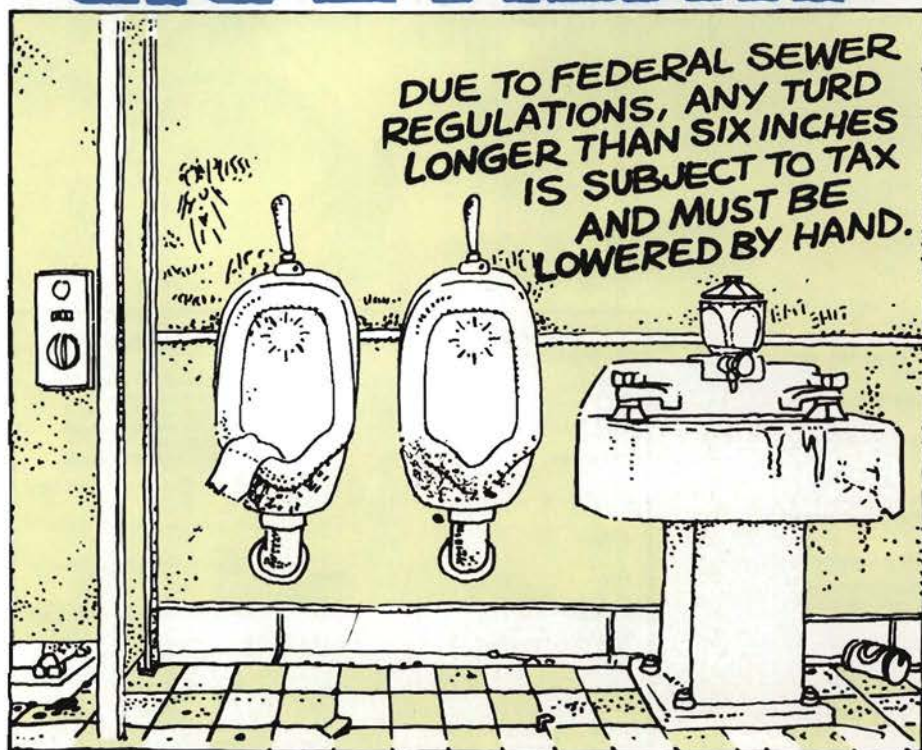
Back Pages: I'm an avid reader of HUSTLER and have been since you started. It's an outstanding publication in every respect. However, I made the mistake of not holding on to some of the early issues. Could you help me locate the following: April, May, June, July and September of 1975? Thanks much and keep up the good work.—CHARLES T. HUTH, Tiffin, Ohio.

Since our own circulation department no longer has those issues in stock, we'll have to ask our readers to help you.

Flatulence Will Get You Nowhere: I'm still getting a charge from Professor David Q. Voigt's article *The Fear of Farting* (July). I've got to tell you about a game we played in Germany back in the 1950s. The Air Force issued us one-piece fatigues to wear on the flight lines during winter weather. On Mondays, after a weekend of drinking German beer, it was common practice to hold our beer farts as long as possible. Then, when we were talking to a sergeant or a young pilot, we'd let one go.

The terrible stench—and those German-beer farts have no peer in that department—would travel upward through the fatigues. The parka hood would drive the blast into the face of an unwary victim. I tried it on a young lieutenant once, and he accused me of brushing my teeth with cat shit. Of course, this trick could only be used on newcomers, and it rarely worked a second time.—ROSCOE STARNES, Las Vegas, Nevada.

GRAFFILTHY



THANX AND \$25 TO S.D., CONROE, TEXAS.

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

Thirteen transsexual inmates in a California prison medical facility have been given brassieres as well as female hormones. The hormones produce a number of female body characteristics, including enlarged breasts. A spokesman for the state Department of Corrections said the bras and hormones are only available to men who started treatment as transsexuals before being imprisoned. Although bras may be worn by the transsexuals, skirts are not allowed. "It is established as the ethically and morally proper thing to do to assist people in their change to whatever their sexual identity seems to be," the corrections official said of the program.

DES, a synthetic female hormone that has been linked to cervical and vaginal cancer in women, has now been connected with cancer of the testicles. The hormone was given to pregnant women from the late 1940s until recently to prevent miscarriages. Cervical and vaginal cancer has been found in daughters of women who took the substance. Now researchers at New York's Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Institute say statistics indicate sons of women who took the hormone have a higher chance of developing cancer in their balls. DES has also been used as a synthetic weight-developer in cattle, and this poses another cancer threat for the meat-eating public.

More than 15,000 homosexuals showed up at Disneyland recently for Gay Nite. The event, nonpolitical and uneventful according to observers, was sponsored by a Los Angeles gay disco and a group of gay restaurants and bars. Disneyland officials have made it quite clear that they neither sponsored nor promoted Gay Nite. They also refuse to discuss reports that the event may become an annual affair.

The life of a male praying mantis is not an easy one. It's long been known that the female of the species often eats the male after sex. Now a biologist making a study of the insect reports that the female may bite off the head of a bashful male, then mate with the headless body as the male dies. In fact, the male praying mantis may be eaten by the female for refusing to mate, for mating and failing to escape in time, or even for just hanging around.

In a poll of junior and senior high-school students, Anita Bryant has been teamed with Adolf Hitler as the woman and man who "have done the most damage in the world." "Ladies' Home Journal" polled 800 students across the country and also found that Miss Bryant and Richard Nixon topped the list of people who made the young students most angry.

A Virginia woman was refused permission to take the state bar exam because she lives with a man out of wedlock. Bonnie Cord was told that her living arrangement would bring dishonor to the legal profession. Ms. Cord, who is divorced, is already a lawyer and was seeking a license to practice in the state.

The surprising statistic that more than two-thirds of American men and almost 80 percent of the women are offended by sex in TV commercials has been released by a Chicago advertising agency. The 4,000 persons queried in a poll told interviewers they're more turned off by sex in advertising than in regular TV programming. And a researcher at Moorhead State University in Minnesota says his study indicates that female nudity in advertising may distract more potential customers than it attracts.

A bill requiring a man to have the written consent of a woman before sexual intercourse was recently introduced in the Oklahoma Legislature. The measure would also require the man to inform the woman that she could become pregnant and that childbirth could result in serious health problems. The bill failed when it was argued that couples would have to take a notary public with them on dates. 🍷



Treat yourself to a catered affair.



#1829

#1830

LEASURE TIME's room service is the kind of luxury that really rings a bell in a person's heart. It's a pleasure to lie back while a qualified expert delivers the goods.

Our three new Love Kits are individually designed to enhance the flavor of a late-night snack. Each kit contains a 7" cordless vibrator, french tickler vibrator sleeve, happy top and two "C" batteries.

The Midnight Special (#1828) also includes: bone vibrator extension, vaginal tingler and a smooth penis extension.

Likewise, we offer the Anal Intruder (#1829), which contains: marble vibrator extension, queen butt plug and an 8" digit vibrator extension.

Finally, there's the Sensual Encounter (#1830) which comes with: tongue extender, penis vibrator extender and an 8" squirmly vibrator extension.

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Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC:

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Signature, Date _____

I am of legal age and I understand that if my merchandise is defective due to craftsmanship and returned within 10 days it will be replaced free of charge, otherwise all sales are final.

Subtotal \$ _____

Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax _____

Postage, handling and insurance 2.00

TOTAL \$ _____

All orders are discreetly packaged and promptly delivered. (Foreign orders, use International Money Order or Certified Check in U.S. dollars, add \$5.00.) Prices guaranteed for 60 days only. Quantity orders invited.



Bits & Pieces

Nearly two years ago, while watching TV in the comfort of his home in Tupelo, Mississippi, the Reverend Donald Wildmon of the United Methodist Church made a shocking discovery. As he later reported to his congregation, one of the three major networks was "filled with profanity, one [was] loaded with sexual implication, and the other [was] OK until it turned violent without any warning."

TV violence, Wildmon figured, had become excessive, but the real video villains were sex and profanity. In response he organized the National Federation for Decency (NFD), which today boasts a membership of 10,000 churches, groups and individuals.

Under Wildmon's direction some members of the NFD sat in front of the boob tube for 15 weeks to see how much "smut" was being broadcast into the country's living rooms. They purportedly ogled 864.5 hours of prime-time network viewing, and noted 2,433 scenes of "suggested sexual intercourse or sexually suggestive comments," which, according to Wildmon, amounted to 2.81 sexual innuendos per hour. The worst offenders, the NFD reported, were *Soap* and *Three's Company*.

Since commercial television is controlled by its sponsors, Wildmon launched a campaign against those companies he felt were the horniest hucksters. He concentrated on Ford and Sears, calling for a nationwide boycott of their products until they would pull their support from those shows the NFD termed objectionable. Sears quickly responded in May of this year by withdrawing its sponsorship of *Three's Company* and *Charlie's Angels*.

The NFD demonstrated at Ford dealerships and district sales offices in 25 cities, but the company refused to buckle under. Wildmon then moved on to other pastures. He singled out Bic Pen as "the most irresponsible advertiser for the [low amount of] money spent" and

set his sights next on Mr. Coffee.

At first glance the saga of Wildmon's NFD reads like a minor success story. HUSTLER has always applauded citizens who band together to get back some of the rights siphoned off by big government and big business.

But there's a big difference between a legitimate folk hero and a sexually repressed crank who thrusts his own repression on everyone else. Wildmon cannot claim that his efforts will improve American television if he proceeds to ride roughshod over the rights of the viewer. In fact, he obviously doesn't give a fuck about the rights of the American viewer! He's simply a self-elected arbiter of morality who has gone to great lengths attempting to censor a medium that brings pleasure to millions. And that's more than enough to qualify him as our November Asshole.

The NFD's TV survey



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

sounds righteously scientific when it quotes those 2.81 sexual innuendos per hour. But the truth is, his tests were about as scientific as a spitting contest: Wildmon and his cronies simply took notes on what they didn't like. Among the "profanities" they discovered were *by God!* and 134 other unacceptable (to them) variations on God's name taken in vain.

Wildmon clearly wants to go back to the "golden years" of TV, when Elvis Presley could only be shown from the waist up on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. Remember when Lucy Ricardo was "expecting" on *I Love Lucy*, but nobody could use the word *pregnant*? Later, ABC censors wouldn't allow Barbara Eden to show her navel on *I Dream of Jeannie* and canceled a bikini contest on *Wide World of Sports*. NBC censors blipped *diarrhea* from the *Tonight* show and deleted the words *stretch marks* from an episode of *Fay* (a short-lived 1975 program).

If this sexually repressed asshole Wildmon has his way, the crotches of all the beasts in *Wild Kingdom* would be covered. *Kojak* wouldn't be allowed to suck his lollipop, and Suzanne Somers would have to wear ankle-length sack dresses. *All in the Family* would degenerate into a '70s *Ozzie and Harriet*, and *Family* into a *Leave It to Beaver* with every *gee whiz* deleted.

The Technical Report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography indicated that onscreen sex and violence do *not* motivate criminal acts. The girls who used a beer bottle to rape a child four days after a similar attack was depicted in the TV movie *Born Innocent* were rare exceptions—juvenile delinquents who may have been motivated to commit such an act even before it appeared on TV. As a matter of fact, according to several studies, television sex and violence provide a *healthy outlet* for people's anxieties and fantasies.

In the mid-'60s, studies by G. H. Allen, the Kinsey group and others revealed that certain types of sex offenders profess strong religious or moralistic backgrounds to such a degree that the slightest sexual innuendo may be taken as indecent. Charles Manson kicked several members out of his family for possessing so-called "obscene" material, and Michael Kenyon, the famous "Enema Bandit" (who spent ten years forcing enemas on unwilling coeds), refused to grant us an interview because we were "too pornographic."

Under the guise of trying to improve television, the Reverend Wildmon wants us to watch Donny and Marie specials, *Ding Dong School* and movies about singing nuns. He says that "TV is the most destructive and damaging social force today," but if this bluenose has his way, television will become so bland and mind-numbing that the Food and Drug Administration will be forced to label it a dangerous drug.

UPDATE



MICHAEL THEVIS

HUSTLER: May '76

Michael Thevis, the sultan of smut we profiled more than two years ago, has escaped from jail. Serving an eight-and-a-half-year term in the penitentiary for his obscenity convictions, Thevis walked out of the New Albany, Indiana, jail when guards let him go to another room to make a phone call. The prisoner was in the Floyd County Jail while in transit from Springfield, Missouri, to Louisville, Kentucky, to stand trial on other charges. Thevis left no trace, and police had no leads at press time. In July the FBI placed the porno magnate on its Ten Most Wanted List.



HUSTLER'S GUIDE TO VD

HUSTLER: Dec. '76

Ken Hansen, a 65-year-old teacher of family life, was so impressed by *HUSTLER's Guide to Venereal Disease* that he made a few hundred photocopies for his tenth-grade class at the John O'Connell Institute of Technology in San Francisco. Ken has used the guide regularly in his class for the last year and a half without negative reactions from parents or faculty. Most of the students were "profoundly shocked" by the pictures, but were grateful for the opportunity to see them. As one O'Connell student put it: "I'm glad I saw it, and I don't ever want to see anything like that again, especially in real life."



DR. PETER BOURNE

HUSTLER: Sept.

This *Asshole of the Month* resigned in disgrace from his post as White House health adviser after getting caught writing an apparently illegal prescription for the drug methaqualone, better known as Quaalude. Dr. Bourne attained Asshole status for failing to halt the spraying of Mexican marijuana with paraquat.



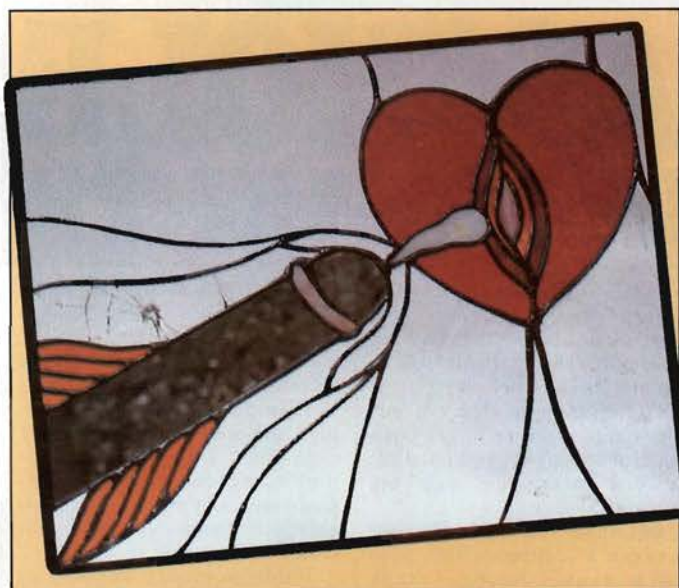
Little boys may indeed be made of snips and snails and puppy dogs' tails. A Stanford University psychologist has found that little boys are more likely to rebel than girls and that their rebellion could begin as early

PARENT ABUSE

as one-and-a-half years of age.

Professor Eleanor MacCoby reports that antiparental behavior is a combination of a young boy's tendency to respond neg-

atively to parental pressures and his parents' tendencies to respond more negatively to a son's misdeeds than a daughter's. Of course, Johnny might simply have blown his folks away for painting his room pink.



GLASSY STARES

You may not think that anything like this goes on in the Midwest, in which case think again. Workers at the Lincoln Art Glass Company (1254 South 26th Street, Lincoln, Nebraska 68502) are using their spare time to turn out erotic compositions such as the semipellucid pecker above. When the employees are finished, they

add their creations to Lincoln Art's private collection. Gamy glassworks can be commissioned from the eight-year-old company for \$300 each. Give the folks at Lincoln Art the subject and some artistic license, and they'll give you a conversation piece. (And you thought erotic stained glass meant a cum-shot onto a fake eye.)

NOTHING TO SNORT AT

Those of you with a nose for class will be intrigued by this array of Chic Sterlingware. Designed by the same people who custom-make snorting gear for celebrities, Sterlingware gives you the chance to display the trappings of high-society doping even if the price of toot keeps you out of the real action.

The filigree spoons start at \$14, and the pendant knife, which goes for \$30, serves as a cutter, crusher and spoon. Vials range from one-gram to four-gram sizes; the one-gram model doubles as a pendant. Silver funnels and razor-blade covers are also available. Write Chic Sterlingware, P.O. Box 16508, Columbus, Ohio 43216.



Getting the Kinques Out

Anybody who has seen the second issue of *Kinque* (quarterly, \$6 per copy plus \$1 postage from Falcon Publishing, 17620 Sherman Way, Van Nuys, California 91409) was probably as surprised as we were to see HUSTLER's exclusive photographer Suze Randall photographed in bondage. The shots accompanied an interview with Suze.

She explained that she had originally agreed to do the interview and photos, but that the photography crew that showed up at her studio was "so sleazy,

they had to tie me up to get photos. I got mad and made them get out after they'd shot half a roll of film."

Still, *Kinque's* sleazeballs got enough prints to fill some space in their magazine, even though Suze never signed a model's release or gave permission to use the shots.

After looking through the other features in the issue, Suze said she obviously did *Kinque* a favor. "The rest of the magazine is puke."

Well, Suze—it is a fetish magazine, after all.



MILITARY MIND-FUCKS

You always knew that American servicemen spend most of their time dealing with the bullshit chores some important general devises for them when he isn't off playing golf. But did you also know that the Army used to employ groom-troopers, a corps of shit-spreaders whose only job entailed constant harassment of real GIs? The groom-troopers traveled from base to base, making spot-checks of uni-

forms, hair length and other cosmetic aspects of military service that have nothing at all to do with our national security and defense. In addition, they issued citations to those wretched dogfaces whose ties weren't straight. Now, although the groom-trooping squad has finally been phased out, it only means they'll have to be reassigned to other duty—and we're just hoping it won't be to make bedchecks.

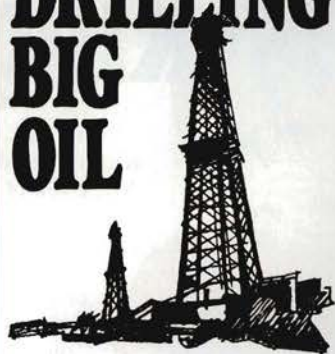




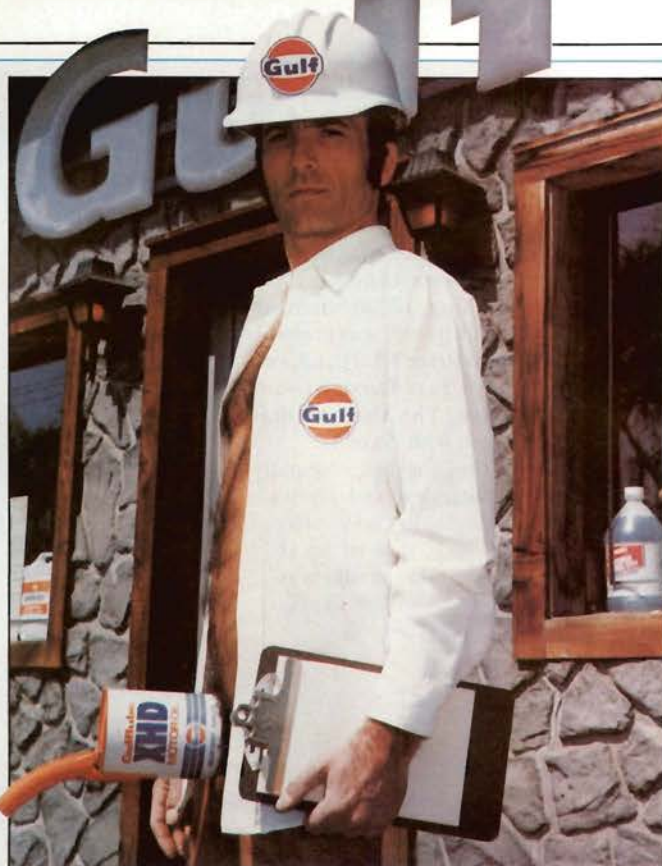
Chastity Belt

Ever get the feeling that when you're away from your woman some rat's got it in for you? The solution's as simple as a common rat trap—plus a few screws and enough chain to make a belt. It's a cheesy idea, but next time the plumber comes to check the pipes he may end up with a crimp in his rooter.

DRILLING BIG OIL



As Gulf Oil struggles to meet the challenge of finding new fuel supplies, chronic crazy Jerry Aibel seems to have no trouble pumping weird ideas out of modern advertising. This kind of slick promotion isn't likely to catch on with the Madison Avenue crowd, who no doubt think that Jerry is running a quart low. He doesn't care, since he gets a lift out of filling HUSTLER readers' lives with his high-octane antics.



CAT'S MEOW

When we assigned Contributing Photographer James Baes to come back with some good pussy shots, we didn't know he'd take us so literally. He found this pink pantherette waking up from a catnap in the desert near Palm Springs. A typical feline, she spends her days stalking birds and mice, and her nights making whoopee with any (and every) available tomcat. We figure this kitty's enough to make most cats pause.



Marilyn's MUFF



Marilyn Monroe's tame but famous nude calendar photo has been published frequently. Now **HUSTLER**, true to its great journalistic tradition, asks: Where have you seen an MM snatch-shot before? Examine this photo carefully. Those dark curls make us wonder about Marilyn's thoughts when she was filming *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.

NEW SLANT ON LIFE



What changes have the Com-mies wrought since taking over Vietnam? Citizens there recently had to dig deep in their pants and come up with all their old dong—Vietnamese coins—to trade in for Communist-issue currency. The new coins are still called dong, and will require some skillful handling before their value goes up.

COKE-ECTOMIES

The U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration regards cocaine as among the most heavily abused drugs in the country, so domestic manufacturers of medicinal cocaine are limited in the amounts they can produce. There has been an upsurge in the number of cocaine users recently—including 3 percent of high-school seniors in a government survey—as well as an increase in the medicinal use of Brompton's Cocktail, a mixture of coke and other drugs given to dying cancer patients. Recreational use by physicians is also a factor in the shortage. Still, it's unlikely that hospitals and pharmacies will turn to the streets for cocaine. Pharmaceutical coke is pure and costs around \$40 an ounce. Street coke, cut at least four or five times with anything from sugar to strychnine, averages \$1,800 an ounce—a 4,400-percent hike.





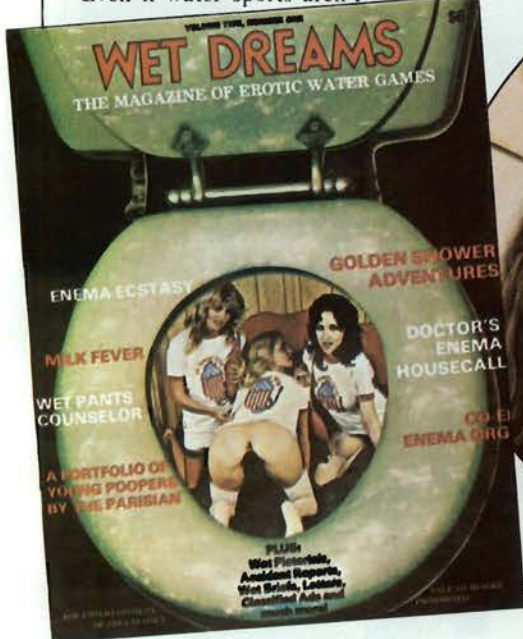
Next time you head for the crapper, consider taking along a copy of *Wet Dreams* (quarterly, \$6 per copy plus \$1 postage from Roxbury Press, Department WD, P.O. Box 8421, Van Nuys, California 91409). Since it deals primarily with subjects such as enemas, shit-freaks and golden showers, the john is the perfect (or maybe it's the only) place to enjoy a copy.

Even if water sports aren't

BATHROOM READING

your thing, *Wet Dreams* features enough spread cunts and puckered assholes to give all of Cincinnati a case of the hornies. A special treat in Volume 2, Number 1 is a photo-packed story entitled "A Taste for Milk," about a woman with lactating breasts.

Wet Dreams is a fetish mag that can turn-on those in the straight audience who're pissing away a few minutes in a tile-lined stall.

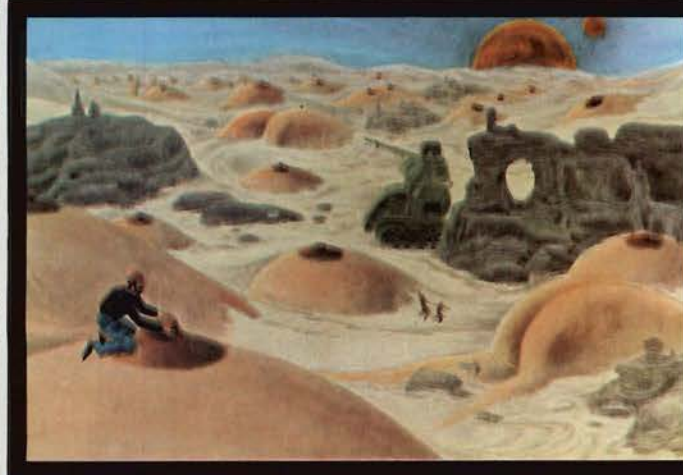


FLESHING OUT THE ROLE

One night in the early '70s you were probably laughing your ass off at the film *Flesh Gordon*, which you did not confuse with the original *Flash Gordon*. And as these David Mattingly illustrations indicate, you'll be getting another chance to follow our blond hero's sexual

space adventures in *The Further Adventures of Flesh Gordon*, currently in production.

The original parody marked the first time that a big budget and professional production qualities were stressed in a sex film. *Flesh Gordon* featured not only some hot erotic action but



also animation and special effects that set the pace for later features like *Star Wars*.

In the live-action sequel *Flesh*, Dr. Jerkoff and Dale encounter new and even weirder dangers and creatures. Producer Howard Ziehm promises a "bigger and better" production, due out in late 1979. Top-quality special effects and a contemporary-

music sound track will highlight the action as *Flesh* confronts Queen Frigid, a giant dominatrix spider, the evil Captain God and King Schlorg during his attempt to return the Baby People to their rightful place as rulers of the planet Obismos. *The Further Adventures of Flesh Gordon* should be an erotically humorous adventure of the best kind.

COVERING THE SUBJECT

Citing a leap in sales, condom manufacturers are stepping up the marketing of the modern English overcoat to help meet demands—mostly from women. Manufacturers report that the climate is good for rubbers because of the growing fear among women of the dangers stemming from use of the Pill and intrauterine devices.

The main thrust of the condom manufacturers' marketing drive will be attempting to get the National Association of Broadcasters to allow television ads for rubbers. In the meantime a breakthrough in rubber advertising came when *Redbook* opened its pages to condom ads in July.

Still, rubbers are a risky means of contraception at best, and can also be very expensive. As anyone who has ever used them knows, if you prick them just once, you have to throw them away.



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ADVISE & CONSENT

Edited by Vicki Scott

Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions, including sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. *Advise & Consent* is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question on any topic, address your correspondence to: *HUSTLER Magazine*, *Advise & Consent* Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Cherry Surprise: I am a 19-year-old male virgin. How can I tell if a girl is a virgin or whether she's been laid before? Also, when a girl loses her virginity, will she bleed for a long time afterward? I'm just beginning to learn about sex, and for some reason little questions like this seem to worry me. If I know what to expect, perhaps I'll be less nervous. —D. W., Monroe, Michigan.

In answer to your first question, you're simply going to have to ask the woman. Since a woman's hymen (maidenhead or cherry) can be stretched or torn during sports activities, by tampons or even by probing fingers (yours or her own), there's no physical proof that she's a virgin. If she does bleed, you can be pretty sure you've got the real thing. But in answer to your second question, the bleeding, if any, should be minor.

Pop Rocks: When my girlfriend asked me to try some candy, I thought she was offering a little muff treat. Actually, she was talking about a new kind of candy called Pop Rocks. As I put some of them in my mouth, they started popping and crackling. When my girlfriend put some in her mouth, then went down on me, I got the best blow job ever. I then emptied a whole pack into her vagina and inserted my tongue; within a few minutes she exploded with joy. Since then it has become a favorite method for satisfying our mutual sweet tooth. —D. T., Santa Rosa, California.

Playing with food is a fairly common part of some people's sex lives. Keep in mind, though, that the tender vaginal tissues are easily irritated by different chemical substances. If you'll note the ingredients listed on the package, Pop Rocks are processed with carbon dioxide to produce the crackling effect. Long-term use could result in vaginal irritations. Why not stick to safer methods of popping your rocks and satisfying your sweet tooth?

One-Wardrobe Marriage: My husband and I have a great love-and-sex-life. Nonetheless, the only way he can get hot and really turned-on is by putting on women's clothing. He's taken to wearing my bras, panties, pantyhose and lace nightgowns. I have asked him to see a doctor, but he says he just likes the feel of women's clothes and plans to continue wearing them. What

should I do? I love my husband, and if it means sleeping with a man in drag, I will. —M. L., Nashville, Tennessee.

Fetishistic cross-dressing, as your husband's condition is called, is fairly common among heterosexual males who find sexual stimulation in wearing women's clothing. Most of those who regularly engage in the practice are married and switch with the consent of their spouses. As long as your husband keeps it in the family, and simply uses cross-dressing as a sex aid, don't be too concerned. (But if he rips your pantyhose, make sure he pays for them.)

Shortcut: My husband is concerned about the pain he will have to go through when he gets his vasectomy. About a year and a half ago I read about a California doctor who has developed a faster and less painful type of vasectomy. Is this new surgery being performed as yet on the East Coast? —C. M., Shrewsbury, Massachusetts.

Dr. William M. Moss of Santa Ana, California, has developed a method of vasectomy in which an incision of less than one-tenth of an inch is made in the penis in order to cut the vas deferens (sperm duct). No stitches are necessary, and the whole operation takes about ten minutes. You only need

*to take aspirin for the pain. Dr. Moss published his method in *Fertility and Sterility* (September 1976). His office knows of no other doctor using the procedure, but your physician or surgeon is welcome to contact Dr. Moss's office for further details.*

Sex for the Handicapped: How can a guy with paralytic polio but normal desires enjoy a sex life of any kind? I was stricken at age five and am now totally paralyzed except in my left arm and hand. I do get sexually aroused and I do have strong erections, but I must be cared for—toileted, dressed, bathed, lifted, carried. I am seldom left alone, and I get no privacy from my family; yet I am a lonely guy. My sister brings home her girlfriends, but I've never made a pass at any of them. How can I make a pass at a girl when she'd have to lift me out of my wheelchair to put me on the bed? I know I could satisfy a woman if circumstances permitted, but I often wonder if any woman can be turned-on by a deformed, crippled man. Such a woman would be very special—but where do I find her? —J. M., Mainesburg, Pennsylvania.

There seem to be several options available for you to become less handicapped (in the social sense).



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The word today for the handicapped seems to be independence, and in order to achieve this you need to find programs that will help you gain mobility in the community at large. Start looking for organizations or agencies in your area that offer weekend field trips, summer programs or recreation for the handicapped. These are your best bets for meeting women. First check with your city's parks department, the YMCA or nearby colleges. Also call your local Chamber of Commerce—it will be able to tell you what schools or rehabilitation hospitals offer special educational or recreational programs. Two-week camping sessions for young adults are offered through the Easter Seal Society for Crippled Children and Adults of Pennsylvania. For brochures and schedules write Miss Jeanne Feeley, P.O. Box 497, Middletown, Pennsylvania 17057. And good hunting.

The Angle of the Dangle: When my friends talk about their erections, they also describe their cocks as bending upward. Well, mine bends out and down—sort of like HUSTLER's three-quarters-erect rating for its X-rated movies. Am I a freak of nature? —G. E., Santa Cruz, California.

Physical differences such as age, muscle tone, length of the penis and the amount of spongy tissue that fills with blood render each man's angle of erection unique. The normal angles can range from straight out from the body (almost horizontal) to straight up (almost perpendicular). Each person, in his own way, is a "freak" of nature, but that's not to say he's abnormal.

Like Father, Like Son: I would like to know if there is any way to definitely prove who the father of any given child is. A woman is threatening me with a paternity suit, quite unfairly I think. I don't believe that I had even met her at the time she would have gotten herself in trouble.—NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST, Waynesboro, Tennessee.

A physician should be able to tell you which hospitals in your area perform the special procedure called "paternity testing." Blood tests that are done to prove who fathered a certain child are only about 10-percent accurate. But paternity testing, which employs the same procedures used to match organ-transplant donors, is accurate 97 percent of the time. The test, however, can cost as much as \$600.

Drowning Your Sorrows: I am a 20-year-old male with a terrible case of shyness. I just can't be around people without being nervous. I've thought about going to a shrink, but I'm too poor to afford one. The only way I can relieve my sexual tension is with my own left hand. In my entire life I've never been out with a girl. I usually sit at home alone and drink. I know booze isn't the answer, but I just can't think of anything else to do. I lead a truly miserable life.—E. M., Statesboro, Georgia.

As you've noted yourself, drinking is not going to solve anything. As a matter of fact, it usually only serves to make matters worse for the lonely person because it often results in greater depression. If you must drink, try to do it in a "social" atmosphere—at a bar, lounge or disco. Alcohol, in small quantities, acts as a social "lubricant"—it decreases your self-consciousness and increases your self-confidence. Lounges or discos are filled with hundreds of people who are just like you, lonely and shy. Though the difference between you and them is that most of them won't admit it.

But there are other places to meet people—at work, church gatherings, social clubs. You must force yourself to join in and take part, have experiences and gain knowledge about what makes you happiest with yourself. (Would you prefer going to a museum or a ball game?) When you know what you like, what you prefer, you'll have a basis for conversation with others.

If you find that you can't do it alone, then there are family guidance counselors whose rates are based on your ability to pay.

Keep It in the Past: My girlfriend is 25 years old and I am 24. We enjoy a good sex life, and we are planning to get married. One thing bothers me—she has a "past." She lost her virginity when she was 17 to a guy she thought she loved, while I lost mine at 24 to her. She's gone out with a lot of different guys, both married and single, and has gone to bed with some of them. I dated one other

girl besides her, but never went to bed with anyone but my fiancée. She tells me she loves me and wants to be with me, but she still spends a good deal of her time with her girlfriends. I really can't be sure that she wants to settle down. I guess I'm jealous because she has had so many sexual experiences and so many girlfriends and boyfriends. I really want to marry her, but somehow I can't put my mind at ease.—E. R., North Jersey, New Jersey.

Jealousy is one of those traits that people learn; it can, therefore, be unlearned. It seems you feel threatened by the possibility of rejection; you want to dominate all your fiancée's thoughts and her time as well. Jealousy doesn't leave either of you room to grow and develop as human beings. It makes one of you a jailer and the other a prisoner. Make yourself aware of this before you strangle the relationship. You must realize that every person is the sum of his or her experiences and that, as a result, everyone has a "past." You have to accept those experiences as part and parcel of the person you love—it's a package deal.

Tell your fiancée openly how you feel and that you will work to overcome your jealousy. In the meantime, ask for her cooperation in not spending too much time with old friends. Sit down together and agree on what would be a reasonable amount of time away from each other. Make the time you spend together as interesting and exciting as possible; if she feels that the time she spends with you is valuable, then she will want to spend less



time with others. If your main interest is watching football on TV, then of course she will be prone to look elsewhere for entertainment and companionship. You really shouldn't get married until you both see each other as unique persons who cherish the time you have together.

Dangerous Curves: My penis doesn't seem to be shaped like other men's. It curves to the right. When I have intercourse, it gives me a little bit of pain too. Is there anything I can do to get my cock straightened out?—H. E., Huntington, West Virginia.

You should be more concerned about the pain than about the curve. Localized pain is the body's warning sign that there is something wrong. There may be an infection or a growth, either in the penis or elsewhere in your genitourinary system. A crooked erection, along with pain, is also a sign of an inflammation caused by gonorrhea. Have yourself checked out by a doctor as soon as possible.

Keep in mind, though, that a slight curve in the penis is quite natural for a healthy man. If your physician finds no sign of a physical ailment causing the bend, then you might try different sexual positions to find those that give you the least discomfort. And if that doesn't work, there's always the possibility of plastic surgery.

Voice Out of the Blue: I am a female obscene phone caller, but I don't think there's anything wrong with what I do. I'm a

happily married housewife who has a terrific sex life with my husband. After I make an obscene call, our sex is even better. When I first made one of these calls, it was a joke; but within five minutes of talking dirty to a total stranger I got so hot I could hardly sit still. When my husband got home from work that evening, I was able to suck him off for the first time. After describing it to the man on the phone, the thought had turned me on so much I was finally able to do it with my husband. My husband doesn't want me to make these calls, but he knows it does great things for our sex life. And it doesn't help when I say the same things to him in person. I've been making these calls to different men for about a year now, and I think people should know how great it is and how much it helps the caller.—NAME AND ADDRESS WITHHELD BY REQUEST.

It may be a source of pleasure for you, but there will be those on the receiving end of your calls who are going to be quite disturbed if they have no taste for your message and simply want to be left alone. Of course, you may say those people have the option of hanging up, but very often people who absentmindedly pick up a ringing telephone don't realize what is being said until the message is out.

What gives you the right to impose your sexual thoughts and fantasies on unsuspecting listeners? You are bringing your sexual attitudes into someone's home without being invited. This could be

disastrous for the recipient—what if it is an impressionable youngster or someone easily upset?

Then, too, you must keep in mind that what you're doing is illegal. If you've been calling one "customer" regularly, he may be playing along with you just to keep you on the line long enough for the phone company to trace the call.

If you can't get the same pleasure by telling your husband these things in person, why not call him? Or make a tape recording that you can play back to him when he gets home. A cassette tape recorder would certainly be less expensive than being taken to court or put in prison. You could also advertise for men who want to receive such calls. Try Select magazine (P.O. Box 889, Camden, New Jersey 08101); Seekers magazine (P.O. Box 781, Cherry Hill, New Jersey 08003); or Milky Way Productions (116 West 14th Street, New York, New York 10011).

Mega-Baby: I can't be the only 22-year-old playing "baby boy." There must be others out there who like to wear rubber pants and diapers to bed. I'm not a bed-wetter, but I wet my diapers and enjoy sleeping in them. Sometimes I sprinkle baby powder on my body and put a plastic sheet underneath my bedclothes. This fetish has been going on for a long time, and indulging in it somehow makes me feel very secure. I've been thinking about putting together a complete nursery—crib, playpen and all.—K. A., Clarence, New York.

Subscribe to the monthly Fetish Times (\$1.50 single copy, \$18 annually from B&D Company, P.O. Box 7109, Van Nuys, California 91409), and you'll find out just how many others there are who share your interests. And we hope you can find everything in your size.

Look Before You Bi: I'm a young woman who likes men. But I really get turned-on when I fantasize about other women making love to me. Can you give me any ideas on how to approach other women to make my fantasies come true?—K. I., Ashtabula, Ohio.

If you have a close girlfriend, you might involve her in a conversation about fantasies in general. In the course of swapping fantasies you might discover that she shares yours. After that it becomes a matter of choosing the right time and place to suggest that the two of you try to make your fantasies come true.

If you're looking for something a little more daring, you might try a lesbian, or mixed-gay, bar. In such an atmosphere, where your sexual orientation is taken for granted and where men won't try to pick you up, you're free to get to know another woman by asking her to dance. Be honest, though; let the other woman know that you're looking to fulfill a fantasy. This leaves your options open should you decide that the fantasy was better than the reality. To find a lesbian bar, club or organization in your area, write for Gaia's Guide, 115 New Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California 94105.



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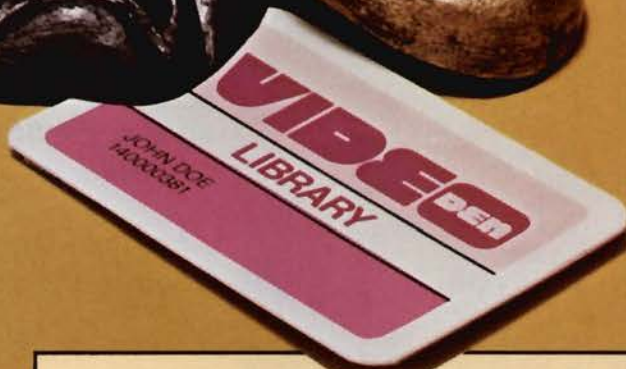
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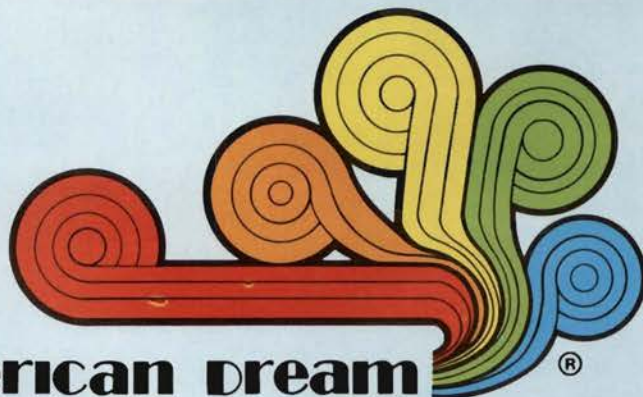
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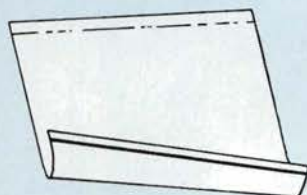
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MEDIA TAKES

Edited by Michael Stott

In this section we not only review films, books and other media in America today, but also comment on the state of the arts with the goal of spurring the media on to better productions. We'll present those items that will most interest, entertain and educate our readers.

MOVIES

In *The Swarm*, when Slim Pickens's boy dies of bee stings, and ole Slim breaks down blubbering—it affects you. The old cowboy has smiled his way through film after film, the spittin' image of down-home kindness and American savvy. Even when he died—as in *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid*—he died with some good howls. But you've never seen him cry before—never seen him act pitiful. So it affects you.

You don't want to be affected. The script is stupid; the acting's worse; the special effects aren't very special. But when you see Slim Pickens, or any familiar star, you're not just seeing him in the movie that's on the screen. You're seeing kind of an accumulation of Slim Pickenses, as he lives in your memory and in your imagination. So a moment that has no right to get to you gets to you—for about three minutes.

Moments like that are what make disaster movies work, when they work at all. The formula is to get, say, ten big names and a dangerous situation—a skyscraper on fire, or a gigantic swarm of killer bees invading Texas. Now you have to fill the screen for about 120 minutes. Your special effects and your plot development take about 40, which leaves you with 80. With 13 stars that's about six minutes per star—a little more for your big stars, a little less for your lesser stars. The scenes are easy to write, since the stars come with fully developed characters in the public mind. And the film is easy to direct—you let a good special-effects team take care of the spectacles, and you direct your little star segments one by one, like TV commercials.

We in the audience dig the spectacle, and we like to watch



'The Swarm': Olivia De Havilland makes her first B movie and comes down with a bad case of the hives.

our favorite stars in a dilemma—Slim Pickens crying, for instance. Our reaction hasn't got a lot to do with the movie; it has to do with how we feel about ole Slim.

Similarly, it's how we feel about Henry Fonda that gives power to the scene in which he tries out his anti-bee-sting vaccine and dies. He and Slim are the only troupers in this movie with integrity enough to try to give a fine performance no matter how bad the company they're keeping might be. And we're interested in seeing Fonda after his heart attack—which may have something to do with why he plays this part in a wheelchair.

He's very much older than we've ever seen him before onscreen. He's a lot thinner. His face is splotched with age-marks—and they weren't applied in the makeup room. It's sad and it's inevitable. But the emotions we feel when we see Fonda like this have nothing to do with the movie.

The other aspect of disaster movies that makes them work is how they play on our fascination with the darker side of civilization. It was kind of exhilarating to watch Los Angeles fall into the sea in *Earthquake*. And the idea of a gigantic swarm of killer bees stinging everyone in Texas is grim enough to fill lots of movie theaters. It's as though secretly (or not so secretly) we hate what

we've all become, and we'd like to see something bigger than we are sweep it all away—something beyond our control, so we don't have to feel guilty about failing again; something so big that we might even think of it as the hand of God.

Those are the basic appeals of disaster films, and they're easy to come up with—so there's no excuse for a disaster movie being as bad as *The Swarm*.

The scenes with Pickens and Fonda take about five minutes, total. Add to that a couple of shots of bees crawling over a pair of dying women, and two close-ups in which a single bee fills the whole screen, and you've got about seven interesting minutes out of more than 120. Now that's a disaster.

One basic problem is that the bees in *The Swarm* just aren't that scary. And usually you don't even see them—you see only a vague, gray mass floating in the air, and you hear them buzzing. Not nearly as impressive as watching a skyscraper toppling to the ground.

And the writing, acting and Irwin Allen's directing? This is typical: While the swarm is making a beeline—I swore I wouldn't use that; sorry—for the town square, Michael Caine and Katharine Ross just stand there, staring! Finally, with the audience yawning, Caine emits a halfhearted "Run."

Not "Run!"

Just "Run."

And Ms. Ross? How can she face disaster after disaster and never change the expression on her face? Except to yawn, and sometimes to titter, the expression on your face won't change much either. —Michael Ventura

EROTIC FILMS

by Al Goldstein

Man does not live by bread alone; sometimes he has to turn to boobs, babes and the bawdy. As we don't want to frighten the HUSTLER reader into thinking we are merely stroking his cerebrum and cerebellum and won't stroke his sex drive, this section of Media Takes will, we hope, direct you to the very best in erotic film fare.

CANDY STRIPERS

Candy strippers are young volunteers who try to make a patient's stay in the hospital more pleasurable. However, in *Candy Strippers* they go to lengths beyond Florence Nightingale's wildest wet dreams. Their activities include fucking, sucking and utilizing their every bodily orifice to make the hospital a home away from home—for the patients, that is.

What distinguishes the film is neither its plot nor its pacing, both of which are nonexistent, but rather its use of super-

beautiful women. Amber Hunt has never looked better than she does here, especially when getting fist-fucked by one of the hospitalized studs. Regrettably, her acting is still as wooden as a giant sequoia.

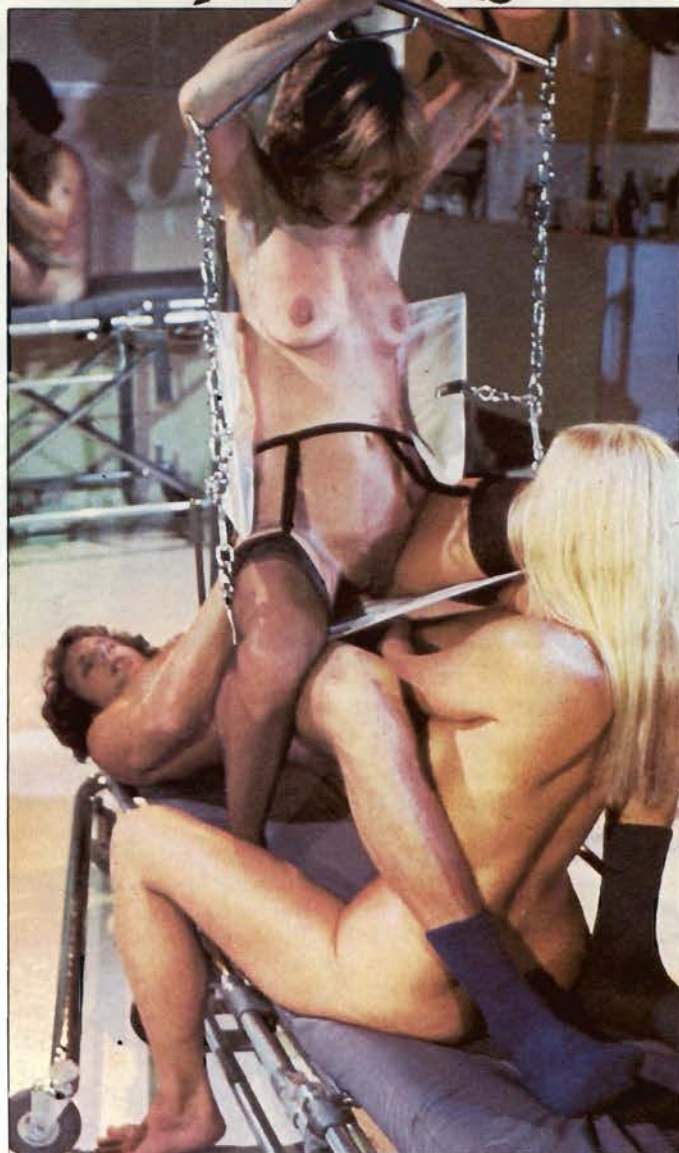
The rest of the bountiful beauties reaffirm this sad fact—*Candy Strippers* is yet one more brainless fuck film. It seems like an endless loop, constantly going from point one to point one without variation.

One thing this flick definitely doesn't lack, however, is a plethora of sex scenes. The nurses are regularly eaten at their stations while hospital routine goes on around them; this might explain why American hospital care is so slovenly and sluggish nowadays.

In another scene a sister of the wife of one of the patients winds up getting sexually involved with one of the candy strippers. In a shot reminiscent of *Jaws* the candy stripper loses her arm almost to the elbow in the visitor's cunt; I was afraid that this supersnatch would also engulf the table in the operating room.

And right after that, when two hands go into the monster muff, I thought that the young lady's spinal cord would come flying out of her birth canal. She really has the Grand Canyon of cunts, one that could probably encompass all of the United States and most of our territories and protectorates.

This scene is one of the most bizarre in porn-film history, one that by itself is worth the price of admission for cavern-



'Candy Strippers': Therapy works wonders on this patient's stiff joint.

ous-cooze cravers. In fact, this movie could easily be subtitled "Travails Along the Fallopi-

Tubes." Almost as strange as Ms. Big Box is another slut whose nipples make her breasts look like inside-out coffee cups.

And, just as *Candy Strippers* as a whole is devoid of intelligence, most of its lusty ladies seem to have the intellect of a basket of dead crabs. Of course, if terrific tits, luscious labia and sordid sexuality are all that you're after in a fuck film, you will be more than amply rewarded by *Candy Strippers*. But the boredom factor is something that all of this film's viewers will have to fight, and that is not what truly erotic cinema is all about.

BAD PENNY

☛ "What is French, turns on at night and gives good crown?" A tricky riddle indeed,

and the determined efforts of Penny Hickey (Samantha Fox) to solve it and thereby claim her inheritance are the *raison d'être* of *Bad Penny*. Described by its creators as "an erotic comedy," it was filmed in part at Night Moves, a New York City swingers' club.

The aforementioned riddle is the clue given to Penny at the reading of her uncle's will. If she cannot solve the riddle, or if she dies prematurely, the entire estate reverts to her Aunt Celeste. The answer to the riddle has been given to an acquaintance of the uncle, a fellow named Sidney LePue. Penny then begins her pursuit to try to find LePue and the money, as Aunt Celeste vainly tries to divert that activity by creating a series of "accidents"—all of which misfire.

Bad Penny could also be entitled "New Cunts of 1978." It is stylish and whimsical, but one of its problems is that it is really two movies in one. The first "movie" sets up the plot, but does it so self-consciously and laboriously that some of the audience will doubtless be lost to daydreaming and, possibly, to a quick exit. In particular, the first 20 minutes suffer from languid pacing and a total lack of sex action.

But if you hang in there, you'll understand why the film earned a full hard-on rating. In fact, *Bad Penny*'s second "movie" earns my personal sexual cachet. Samantha Fox, elegant throughout, is finally able to sexually turn on herself and her audience while still delivering a humanistic performance. Because of her good looks and ladylike demeanor, Samantha is an actress who will do very well in the bushes of the pornography forest.

The first hard-core sex scene features a blow job and some fucking on top of a "Ship Ahoy" pinball game. I'll bet that most of the audience will not notice that the score of the game is 44,890. This is followed at long last by the first ejaculation. Once more I must alert all the hard-core fuck 'n' suck fans to either be patient or skip the first third of this flick entirely.

However, the last half of this 80-minute movie contains some tremendous sex scenes that are head and shoulders—and cock

'Candy Strippers': This head nurse takes time-out for a meal on wheels.





'Bad Penny': Classy orgy girl Samantha Fox decides to sit this one out.

and groin—above most of the crap that carnal critics must constantly evaluate. One of these superscenes takes place between Penny and the superintendent of an office building (Roger Caine). I was reminded somewhat of Eugene O'Neill's *The Hairy Ape* as the greasy, dirt-encrusted workman gets to have his pleasure with Penny's ivorylike body.

Caine exudes an animalistic gusto as the Neanderthal super, and he brings the scene off perfectly. He even conveys a few of the subtleties of fine acting—something almost unheard of in the porn business—by manifesting an appreciative and surprised reaction to being able to fuck somebody so desirable. It's not as if this lowlife is often free to savor such choice meat.

This is a dimension in porn that is rarely explored, and it shows great sensitivity on the part of the director, Mark Ubell—the kind of sensitivity that this reviewer, who hates so much of the dehumanized raunch he sees, truly appreciates. Moreover, for the gays and the women in the audience (and even the liberated men such as myself), Roger Caine is quite a hunk, so it is not just the straight men who'll get off on this scene.

Another excellent and well-

executed scene occurs in "Sidney's House of Fantasy," a high-class massage studio, (Night Moves), which is almost a dial-a-fantasy house. In fact, the owner says, while booking one of the thematic activities, "We'll have one Jacques Cousteau special, but hold the eel."

In this studio, girls can also become pastry (my favorite fantasy) or even Indians fucking cowboys. Unfortunately, a very beautiful Indian spoils her scene by having dirt on the bottoms of her feet. And the guy fucking the pastry girl has the most unusually prominent veins in his cock that I have ever seen. If this stud were to

mainline heroin in his dick, he would have no problem finding a spot to hit.

A weird scenario at "Sidney's House of Fantasy" is a game called "African Roulette," which involves six stunning black women. To play you must put your cock in one of the girl's mouths. The problem (and turn-on) is that five of the girls are great cocksuckers, but the sixth is a cannibal.

Another outstanding sex scene in *Bad Penny* features Penny and her lover. They get involved in a very lyrical episode of lovemaking as luminous red lights shimmer across their bodies in a multi-mirrored setting. This scene has a slick, Playboyesque touch to it, and is not only beautiful but very hot as well.

So, despite its weak opening, *Bad Penny* is highly recommended. And by the way, the answer to the riddle? The Statue of Liberty.

DADDY

The third erotic film reviewed this month is *Daddy*. Shot in northern California (in the Muir Woods and at Lake Lagunitas), this flick would have made an interesting pastoral study, except for the fact that someone insisted on adding a cast of characters. Actually, this "moving" picture is the closest thing to a cinematic still-life ever turned out by Thomas Edison's invention. *Daddy* has all the vitality of dull wallpaper and all the depth of a smallpox scar.

Obviously, *Daddy* is about a girl's sexual episodes with her

father, but the film is stupid from its opening footage to its coda. The "Daddy" (Ken Scudder) looks no older than 25, and his "little girl" (played by the cardboard-talented Joanna Smith) looks about 19, which would mean that he sired his child when he was six years old. Once more it proves that people in California aren't very smart, but they do things quicker than the rest of us.

Moreover, the biggest defect in *Daddy* is the West Coast brainlessness that contaminates the dialogue. For example, when Felicia tries to articulate her thoughts (a task clearly beyond her ability), her speech is filled with phrases like "sort of . . .," "you know . . .," "I mean . . ." and, lots of times, "Gee, things are neat." Movies are supposed to communicate, but with this type of vacuous jargon communication is subverted and exchanged for something more immediate, like heavy breathing.

Vacuous is also the perfect word to describe the tempo of this pathetic film; if the eye of the camera had simply followed a leaf flitting to and fro in the wind, the pacing would have been improved considerably. In fact, *Daddy* is reminiscent of a test roll of film being collectively run through the hands and cameras of all the amateur shutterbugs who have ever purchased Kodak products.

The would-be thespians in *Daddy* are also strictly amateur, especially Joanna Smith. At one point Felicia calls one of her boyfriends "very deep." (He's another actor of the "umbrella" school—he's only good when he's opened up.) "Deep" in this case means that he knew which side of the toilet paper he used when he wiped his ass. In addition, the film is antiwomen, as when Felicia describes her girlfriend's sexual organs by talking about "that awful girl smell of hers skunking up the woods around her." Equating a woman's sexuality with that of a skunk is an indication of more than stupidity—it's plain self-hatred.

In all, *Daddy* is the kind of moronic movie that would have been better had the camera's lens cap been kept on. *Daddy* should immediately be brought to Sing Sing and electrocuted.

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE



ERECTION

A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.



HALF ERECT

So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.



ONE-QUARTER ERECT

A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.



TOTALLY LIMP

A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

BOOKS

Meditations on the Gift of Sexuality

by Ted McIlvenna, Ph.D.; photography by Laird Sutton, Ph.D.; Specific Press, 1523 Franklin Street, San Francisco, California 94109; \$12.95

Sixteen years ago the Methodist Church appointed a youthful and energetic minister to study the needs of young adults in San Francisco. His name was the Reverend Ted McIlvenna, and he chose to pursue his mission in the area of sexual identification, particularly among gays. After two years of listening and counseling he reported back to his guidance committee that it was impossible to understand homosexuality without understanding human sexuality in general, and that was something too many people knew too little about.

Out of this concern was born the National Sex Forum, where people could go to develop ease and relaxation in dealing with their sexuality and the sexuality of others. The Forum developed a series of "attitude restructuring" workshops that demanded an intense level of personal participation and the viewing of explicitly sexual films and slides.

Later the Forum set up its own production company—the Multi Media Resource Center, which has produced, since its inception, more than 60 motion pictures and hundreds of slides and video and audio tapes. More than 60,000 people have been trained by the Forum, and Multi Media's books, tapes and visual materials have gone out to about 4,000 sex counselors and institutions around the world.

Ted McIlvenna was in the forefront of all these developments, and his efforts reached their peak in 1977 when the California State Department of Education gave full accreditation to the second and most remarkable brainchild of the original Forum—the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality. Along the way Ted had gotten himself a Ph.D.



Laird Sutton's black-and-white photographic studies of lovemaking celebrate human passion in a multitude of forms. Dr. Sutton, like author Ted McIlvenna, holds a Ph.D. in sexology and is a minister in good standing in the Methodist Church.

Now he serves as president of the institute, one of the very few establishments in the world offering masters and doctoral degrees in sex.

Ted McIlvenna has not lost his religious vocation; on the contrary, he sees his work in education and sexology as the most logical continuation of his original calling. On the first page of his new book—*Meditations on the Gift of Sexuality*—he states his credo: "We were chosen to the ministry of God's 'Good News.' We were set apart to seek God's service in exploring human freedom. We are called to acknowledge, proclaim and celebrate the gift of human sexuality."

Meditations is a revolutionary

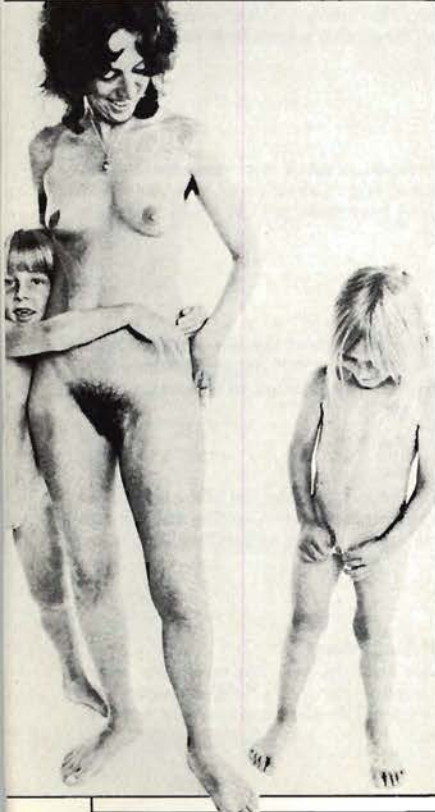
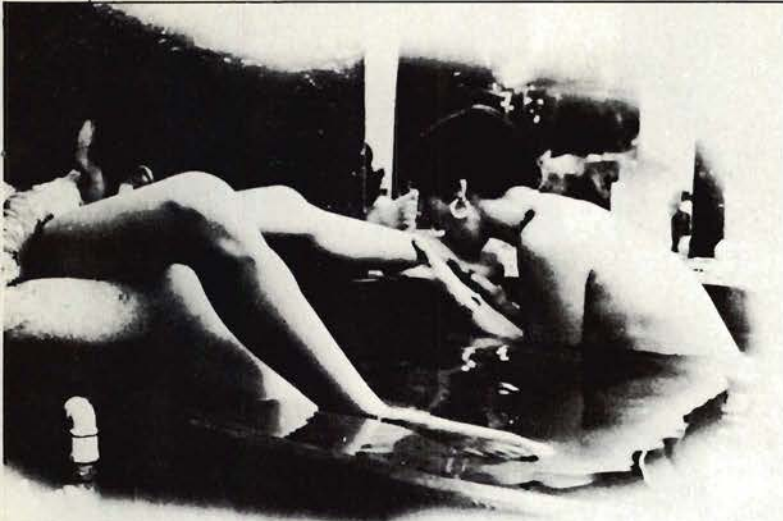
book, as controversial as any book on sex to be published in the last decade. Ever since Larry Flynt made the startling announcement late last year that he had become a born-again Christian, the debate over whether it is possible to reconcile a belief in God and the expression of a full sexual personality has raged fast and furious—most notably in the *Feedback* pages of *HUSTLER*.

Meditations on the Gift of Sexuality settles the debate once and for all; it makes the link between God and sex clear and sharp. No dry college text, *Meditations* seduces the reader with a collage of thoughts and sensations, blending scriptural

texts, anecdotes, original prayers and hard-core sex photos. The pictures show a feast of fucking, beautifully captured on film by Dr. Laird Sutton, chairman of the Department of Instructional Media at the Institute for Advanced Study of Sexuality.

In his introduction McIlvenna takes a look at the various ways in which human beings through the ages have sought their God: "In running, in meditating, in service, in self-abasement, in penitence, in giving, in worship services, in making money, in communing with nature."

Why then, he asks, cannot God be found in the many



forms of sexuality mankind practices? In a limited sense, of course, there's nothing new about such a proposal. The traditional Judeo-Christian position has always been that the potency of the human sexual impulse reflects the power of the divine, but usually within severely restricted limits—the desire to reproduce the species within the bounds of a religiously sanctioned marriage contract between two persons of opposite sex.

McIlvenna lays claim to none of these boundaries. Sex is everyone's gift, he maintains, and gifts are to be shared. ("God loves a cheerful giver."—2 Corinthians 9:7.) McIlvenna's only proviso is that sexual exchanges between human beings be based on a fair give-and-take and that sex not be used as either a weapon or a control device (as it is so


often used within "divinely sanctioned" marriages). He is against the control of *any* individual's sex life by another, and specifically targets the "sexual fascism" of police, of judges, of Anita Bryant and of doctors and clergymen who "rip off your power and think of you as a serf, then charge you for the rip-off."

As an alternative to the repressive rules of sexual behavior that have affected most of Western mankind, McIlvenna blesses the reader with a series of fresh, unique meditations of a kind not normally found (unfortunately!) in prayer books. On sexual barter he writes: "O God, who watches over all human transactions, help us to negotiate for sexual services with honesty, justice and fairness. Let us not cheat or rob or do anything that would hinder fair measure in the exchange."

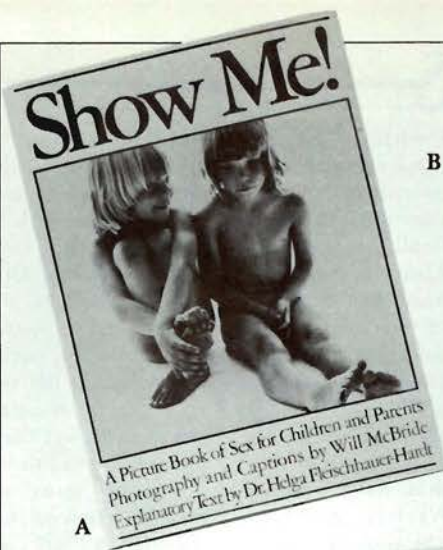
A brief two generations ago the classic recommendation of a Christian mother to her about-to-be-married virgin daughter was "Close your eyes and think of Jesus!" In many cases this was the only sexual instruction that a young woman received before the bloody trauma of her wedding night. A husband was thus licensed to be a rapist, and could hold his head high in respectable society the following morning. Things have changed somewhat since those days, but not yet completely. Hard-core repression is still available in the bookstores. In *Sex Is Not Sinful?*—a book on

Christian ethics published in 1970—author Jack Wyrzten proclaims: "God has placed a lock on each girl. To open a lock you need a key, and marriage is that key. Otherwise the man who breaks in is a thief. Even a girl's apparent willingness is not real permission to a man who has her well-being in his heart. A person may leave a key in a car, but that is not permission to steal that car."

By the smug and paternalistic tenets of this kind of theology, a "girl" is a thing, a piece of property like an automobile; once you've got the ownership certificate, of course, you can give her one hell of a bumpy ride. Match this warped whimpering against McIlvenna's prayer on the joys of oral sex: "O God who thinks of everything, we are thankful this day for the possibilities of passion. We are deeply appreciative that just as there are many ways of being, there are many ways of doing. Help us to take the responsibility to learn how best to use that freedom of sexual possibilities."

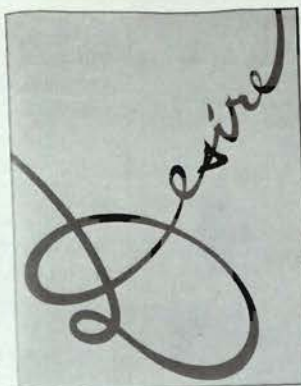
Meditations on the Gift of Sexuality has a prayer, a picture, a story and a scriptural text on many areas of sexuality, from orgies to the power of human touch; from bisexuality to sex for the disabled; from masturbation to the joys of sexual anticipation. It's a rare and generous work, unique in the combined intelligence and courage of its perceptions. Buy it for your lover, and your lover will become your friend. 



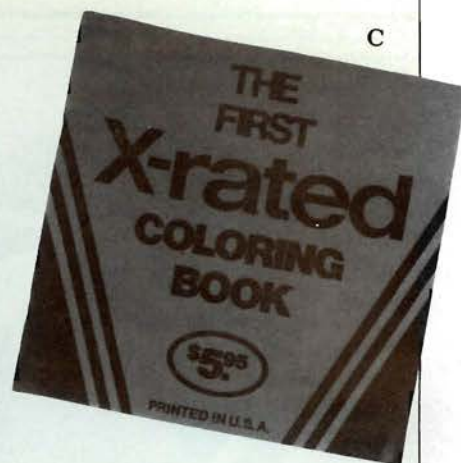


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SEXPLAY

by Jack Owen Jardine

Bestiality, or sex between humans and animals, represents for many Americans the last sexual taboo of all. Yet, according to the Kinsey report, about 8 percent of the men surveyed had experienced orgasm with animals. Kinsey's figures for women showed that 0.4 percent of the females admitted to orgasm during interspecies sex. One woman in his survey claimed to have gotten off approximately 900 times with our furry friends.

In every case recorded by Dr. Kinsey the sexual initiative came from the human. But, as Jack Owen Jardine's article reveals, the lust of one species for sexual satisfaction with another does not always start with a human consciousness. We offer the following article on scientific experiments with interspecies sex with an eye toward reevaluating our own sexual taboos.

If you go to San Diego's Sea World, or to any of the other marine parks around the country where dolphins are on display, chances are you'll see the dolphins fuck. Dolphins are one of the horniest species on this planet.

Chances are, too, that there'll be some horny young human females watching the action. At Sea World's "petting pool" there is a daily cluster of blond and suntanned little nymphs leaning over the pool's edge, their arms in the water, stroking the sleek sides of the playful beasts. The expression of naked prurience on the faces of the girls as they fondle the creatures is a startling sight; one such 13-year-old, looking wiser than her years, told me on my last visit that she'd bought a season's pass and had been at the dolphin pool every day since school let out. Her parents thought the child's interest in sea mammals was proof of a growing scientific mind, and they were delighted that she wasn't "wasting her time" with boys, like so many of her young friends. If only they knew that their little sweetheart was

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy for too long. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that repression of natural, healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles on sex practices throughout the world. We do this to educate our readers on the varieties of human sexuality, to lessen their inhibitions and—ultimately—to make them even better persons.



INTERSPECIES SEX: HUMANS AND DOLPHINS

daily fueling the masturbatory fantasies that kept her hot and feverish at night!

Full-grown bottle-nose dolphins (*Tursiops truncatus*, the species most frequently found in captivity) weigh 300 to 400 pounds, adolescent specimens half that. At first glance it's impossible to tell the males from the females, for their exterior streamlining is identical. Both keep their sexual equipment behind a "genital slit." (Males have a separate anal slit a foot farther astern; in the female, one slit serves both functions.)

Like her human counterpart, the female dolphin's clitoris is about two

centimeters long; her vagina is only about five centimeters deep, and requires cervical penetration to accomplish anything for the next generation. Similarly, like his human counterpart, the male dolphin's penis averages about six inches in length (maximum recorded: eight inches)—but here the resemblance ends.

The glans is offset, like the blade of a garden trowel, and comes to a sharp point, while the base is four or five inches from stem to stern, giving the whole thing a triangular shape when seen from the side. In startling contrast to the black, white and gray of his skin, the male dolphin's penis is bright red.

In mating, the two animals approach each other, their bodies a few feet apart in the water, and suddenly one aims his crimson spike at the other and drives it home with a graceful pelvic thrust. Joined at the genitals, the two curl around each other for two or three seconds, part, circle around and do it again. They may keep this up for 15 or 20 minutes at a time.

Dr. John Cunningham Lilly, describing the sexual antics of two dolphins at his Communication Research Institute facility in the Virgin Islands, stated: "Sometimes she will be on her back on the bottom; sometimes he will be under-

neath her. The positions are manifold: They meet belly-to-belly, with heads out of the water, while standing on their tails; he wraps himself around her, holding his flukes in his own mouth. He can maintain an erection for about 20 minutes, then he drops it down. Between bouts they rest on the bottom in a semisleep state, and begin again in about ten minutes."

Watch closely, however. The one you thought was a female turns out to have a penis too, which he now delights in plunging into the other's underbelly. Whether it goes in the recipient's genital

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slit or anal slit seems to be a matter negotiated by individual dolphins. Now and then they'll cross paths in opposite directions and momentarily hook their penises onto each other, as if dueling. Dolphins seem to like to get it on with just about anything that bends over to pick up the soap, so to speak. Put three or more in a tank together, and it's Saturday night at the baths. Anthropologist/psychologist/biologist Gregory Bateson has studied the interaction between seven dolphins at Sea Life Park in Hawaii. Dr. Bateson found that almost everybody got it on with almost everybody else, except that some were more active than others.

The dolphin brain, Dr. Lilly is fond of pointing out, is almost 20 percent larger than the human brain, and most of this added matter consists of cerebral cortex. At his Human/Dolphin Institute in Malibu, California, Dr. Lilly is assembling electronic equipment, including sophisticated microcomputers, which he hopes will soon allow humans and dolphins to communicate directly. He estimates the sea creature's intelligence to be *at least on a par with humankind*.

Swedish marine biologist Karl-Erik Fichtelius notes that as an animal rises on the evolutionary intelligence scale, "the part of its sexual life controlled by the lower brain centers will be smaller, and the part controlled by the cerebral cortex greater. This means that sexual behavior is freed from patterns determined in advance and transformed into a varied activity under the relative control of the individual's will, environment and previous training."

The male dolphin's mother encourages his initial erections and teaches him to copulate when he is but a few weeks old. "Considering the fact that these animals reach sexual maturity at the age of five years at the earliest," observes Fichtelius, "this is quite extraordinary. In general, dolphins exhibit an extremely varied pattern of sexual behavior unconnected with biological productivity. . . . The stimulus that triggers temporary sexual interest can be another dolphin, a different kind of toothed whale, a turtle or any other object—including the spy-holes in the aquarium. Dolphins seem to have developed to a point where they can choose anything at all as a sexual object."

The toothed whales, theorizes Dr. Lilly, devote their vast intelligence not to the creation of artifacts, like humans do, but to the perfection of relationships between individuals. Lilly's co-worker, Dr. Bateson, elaborates: "Once you start using your brains on personal relation-

ships, you've got a competitive situation because you have sex included, and you are going to evolve in the direction of bigger and better brains. Not for catching fish—any shark can catch fish—but for leadership purposes, for influencing the group." This is more than mere haggling over pecking order; that's for chickens. With dolphins, the topic is more likely to be plans for the upcoming orgy, or reminiscences about "the time I got it on with a killer whale."

Or with a human.

The adventure of Margaret Howe and Peter Dolphin is a case in point. In an experiment supervised by Dr. Lilly, and reported in *Lilly on Dolphins* (published by Doubleday), Howe lived for ten weeks in a wet room with an adolescent male dolphin named Peter. The purpose was to try to teach the creature to make humanoid sounds in the air, which dolphins never do in the wild.

In her report of the events of the fifth week, Margaret noted that Peter had begun having frequent erections, particularly when she played with him. This display of his sexual excitement was something new, and she thought there was a lesson in it.

Peter's desires got in the way of their relationship. After a short time together his penis popped out, and the play/lesson was broken. Margaret couldn't satisfy him; he jammed himself against her legs and seemed unable to control his attitude toward her.

Margaret had encountered Peter's lust before, upstairs in the Fiberglass tank. There, she commented, "I found that by taking his penis in my hand and letting him jam himself against me, he would reach some sort of orgasm, mouth open, eyes closed, body shaking, then his penis would relax and withdraw." They would do this two or three times before the dolphin seemed satisfied, she recalled.

Now, though, she was completely in the water with him. Most of her body was exposed, and she viewed herself as "completely vulnerable to him." Peter resolutely prodded her with his erection, but to no avail. His frustration built, making him impossible to work with.

Margaret considered relieving Peter's frustrations by letting him play with female dolphins for a day. She also wondered what would happen if the human somehow could "satisfy the dolphin's sexual needs without another dolphin," on the theory that sexual interaction might strengthen the bond between the two. In the end she decided to let him fuck his fellow dolphins.

Peter, however, had other ideas.

Dolphin foreplay involves a lot of



mouth action—the drawing of sharp, pointed teeth along the partner's skin, nipping at each other and stroking each other with flippers and flukes. Margaret loved Peter's flippers and flukes but was clearly afraid of his teeth, so Peter devised a plan. While playing "catch" with her, he began bopping the ball shorter and shorter distances, forcing Margaret ever closer to him. Soon she was standing in front of him, placing the ball in his mouth.

Lying on his side, Peter would close his mouth over the ball, then release it to Margaret. After many repetitions of this, Margaret took the ball and rubbed his gums, a caress dolphins have long been known to enjoy. Gently, patiently, Peter convinced her that this was "pleasure time," not "fool Margaret time."

"I felt a little silly," Margaret recalled, "and was delighted that Peter had devised such a subtle, gentle method of getting me over my fears of all those teeth."

Peter's next move was to slowly sink in the water with the ball toward the front of his mouth and run the open tip of his mouth up and down her leg. Once she'd become used to this, he'd again move the ball to the back of his mouth

(gradually—the process took weeks) and go through the same routine, only now his set of 88 razor-sharp teeth were sliding up and down her leg. One day the ball "accidentally" dropped out of his mouth, and Margaret, holding her breath, let him continue.

She wrote: "I stand very still, legs slightly apart, and Peter slides his mouth gently over my shin. His mouth opens all the way and he begins rubbing it up and down my leg. Then the other leg. The whole knee is in his mouth."

Now she realized what had been happening: Peter was courting her! Margaret began taking an active part in the proceedings. Peter stroked her for several minutes with his teeth, then she talked to him soothingly and rubbed him in return for a while. A few minutes later her leg was back in his mouth. Although she still held her breath, Peter convinced her that this was a perfectly legitimate dolphin game. "And with the toning down he gives it for my benefit, it is actually a very pleasant feeling!"

Margaret was impressed by the way Peter was able to teach her that she could play his game, and also by the general mood of the play. It was obvious to Margaret that Peter considered this "a sexy business." The mood was gentle,

the atmosphere hushed. The woman and the dolphin moved slowly, Margaret murmuring slightly from time to time. Peter's body wove sensuously around her, his eyes nearly closed. Although he usually had no erection during this activity, he frequently presented his genital slit for stroking. Once his erection appeared, his mood became rambunctious, and Margaret had to leave. She sensed, however, that this may have been his way of involving her in sex play without scaring her away.

At the end of three weeks Peter had (a) gotten laid with another dolphin and (b) modified his sexual behavior with Margaret to what she termed a "more humanized" level; things no longer had to come to a dead stop when he got an erection. Peter bit her as usual, and Margaret stroked him in return, but when he got an erection he didn't rush at her and knock her off her feet as before. Instead, he slid smoothly along her legs. She found that she could very easily rub his penis as he passed, using either her hand or her foot. As before in the Fiberglas tank, he experienced "some sort of orgasm" and relaxed. One orgasm wouldn't satisfy him, however—usually he repeated the process two or three times before he was content to do anything else. Obviously, the dolphin was completely involved; Margaret involved herself by putting as much love as possible into the tone, touch and mood of their erotic encounters.

Margaret admitted she'd begun the experiment "afraid of Peter's mouth and afraid of Peter's sex." It took Peter about eight weeks to teach her she was free to involve herself completely with both.

Although Margaret is a very observant and sensitive person, she did not have the advantage Peter had during all this: the ability to examine his partner at any time by means of sonar. Dolphins can "see"—with reflected sound waves—the inner emotional state as well as the outer envelope of anyone nearby in the water. You can't pretend, bluff or lie to someone who can literally see through you.

This one ability, Lilly contends, profoundly affects the ethics and social organization of dolphin herds. Once his electronic translating equipment is completed, Lilly will send expeditions into the wild and study dolphin society with the dolphins' conscious assistance.

We already know about their sexual ethics: Apparently, dolphins have no rules against seducing humans. After all, they don't hesitate to get it on with beluga whales, pilot whales, killer whales, turtles and manatee. 🐬



"And that's how I spell relief!"





THE ASSASSINATION OF DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

WAS JAMES EARL RAY A PATSY?

"No. That's not him. That's not the man I saw." Grace Walden, a tiny, middle-aged woman surrounded by Memphis police officials and agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, studied the photograph of James Earl Ray, placed it on the table in front of her and said with finality, "In fact, it doesn't look a thing like him."

The lawmen, frustrated and angered by her statement, huddled together in a corner. Finally, one approached the woman and said in a voice almost trembling with tension: "Listen. That's him. That's the man who killed King. We've got a lot of evidence to prove he's the man. He left his rifle just outside the rooming house. He's the killer. We have all the evidence we need."

"Well, if you have all you need, then you don't need me." Saying that, Walden rose from her chair and began to walk toward the door—then hesitated

a moment to say, "But you got the wrong man. He is not the man I saw." An agent ushered Ms. Walden back to the chair and, standing over her, said, "You don't understand. We want you to sign this paper; if you don't sign it, you're going to be in trouble. We need this affidavit and we need it now."

Walden looked up at him and said, "Can't do it, sir. He's not the man."

Another agent approached her and said amiably, "He's just a little nervous; it's a very big case. Now, Grace, there is this \$100,000 reward that the Chamber of Commerce and some other of those groups have put up. It's yours." He paused, awaiting a response, but Grace Walden just looked at him. "Once you sign this paper, you've earned your \$100,000." Walden still remained silent. The agent then continued in a tone indicating he had almost forgotten the friendly role he had assumed. "Do you

REPORT BY MARK LANE

understand me, Grace? Is this clear enough for you?"

She answered, "It's clear enough all right. You want me to lie for money. Now, sir, that's something I would never do. If you want me to sign an affidavit identifying the killer, then you should go out and catch the killer. Then I'll sign it."

Since the FBI never did apprehend the killer of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., Grace Walden became the single greatest threat to its case against James Earl Ray. For of the 4 billion people who share this planet, she alone saw a man she claims was the gunman moments after he fired the shot that killed Dr. King. *She was the only witness.*

* * *

The sagging rooming house at 418½ South Main Street was located in a dreary and deteriorating section of Memphis, Tennessee. Part of its storefront area at the street level housed a cafe, Jim's Grill. One flight above Jim's, and at the very back of the building, was a two-room apartment that Grace Walden shared with Charles Quitman Stephens, known in every decrepit bar in Memphis simply as Charlie.

Around noon on April 4, 1968, Jim McCraw—who has been a cabdriver in Memphis for 32 years—entered Jim's for lunch. Recently, when we visited what now remains of the restaurant,

McCraw told me, "Charlie was sitting right over there. There was a booth there, and Charlie was drinking beer from the quart bottle. Hell, I never did see Charlie without a beer, and I never saw him with anything other than a quart bottle."

I asked if Charlie was high at that time and McCraw answered, "He was drunk. In twenty-five years I must have seen him five hundred to a thousand times. I never did see him sober even once." As an afterthought, he added, "Charlie gets his monthly check on the third of each month. That was the fourth, so you know he was as drunk as he could be on that day."

While McCraw was eating lunch, he saw Stephens rise unsteadily to his feet, lurch to the counter (where he picked up "three or four quarts of beer in a paper sack") and then take the beer upstairs to his apartment.

At four o'clock that afternoon Lloyd Jowers, the proprietor of Jim's Grill, arrived on the premises. He noticed that Charlie Stephens was back in a booth, conspicuously consuming beer by the quart. "At about a quarter to five," Jowers told me, "Charlie staggered over to the counter and bought four quarts of beer. He took them up to his room."

"It was after five-thirty that afternoon when the dispatcher sent me over to 418½ South Main to pick up a fare

there," McCraw said. The taxi driver walked up a flight of stairs and knocked on the door. "Grace Walden answered. She was the lady who lived there with Charlie. She said, 'Come on in; the door's not locked.'"

McCraw entered the apartment and saw Ms. Walden, seated and reading a book. "Charlie was stretched out on the bed. He was so drunk he couldn't even get up. So I said, 'Charlie, you're too drunk to haul,' and I started to leave."

I asked if Charlie had replied. "He tried to—mumbled something—but I couldn't understand him, so I left," McCraw said.

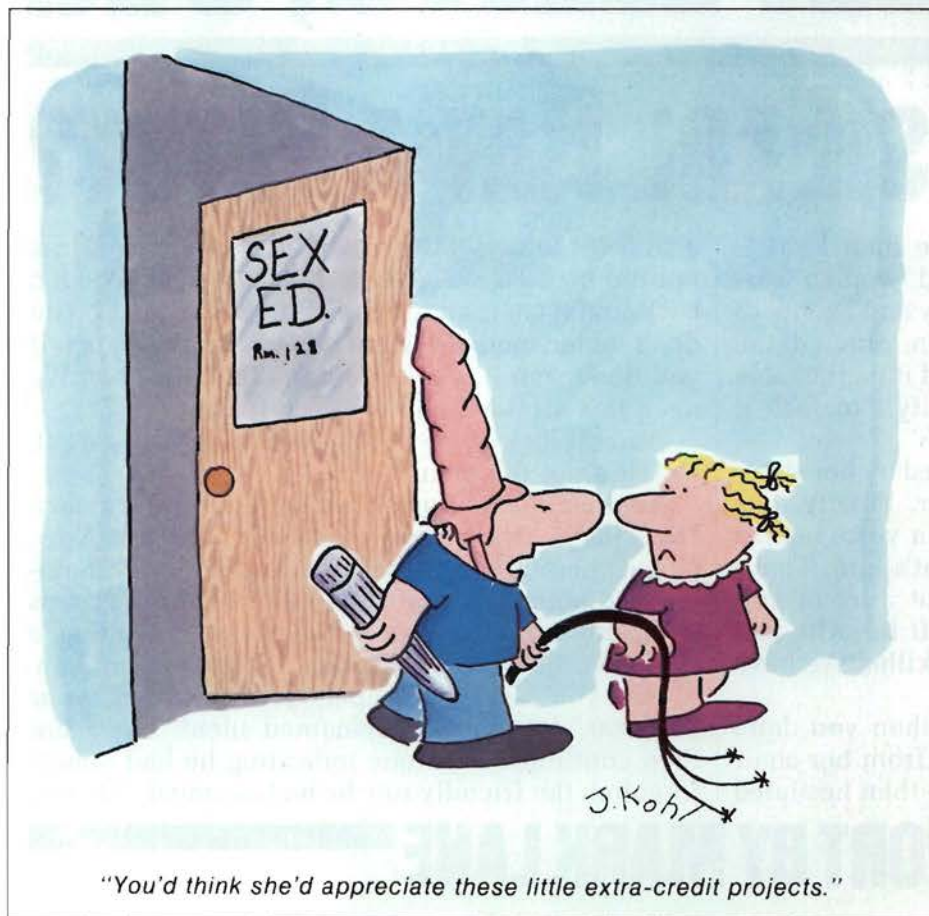
McCraw went downstairs to his cab and radioed the dispatcher that Stephens was too drunk to get into the taxi. "The dispatcher said, 'OK, Mac, there's a fare at Frankie and Johnnie's down at the pier.'"

The cabbie drove toward the pier, which he estimated to be approximately ten minutes away, considering traffic. "Before I got there all the traffic lights turned red. That's a system they have down here in Memphis whenever there is some kind of an emergency." McCraw's curiosity about the probable emergency was satisfied when the dispatcher spoke to him. "He said that Dr. King had been shot and that we were all to drive very cautiously and keep our eyes open." Dr. King had been shot at 6:01 p.m., just minutes after McCraw had left Stephens.

After McCraw had left the rooming house, according to Grace Walden, "Charlie began talking about how he had to go to the bathroom. He had been drinking beer all day, and I believe that he really did have to go to the bathroom." He half-rolled, half-climbed off the bed, bolted out the door and fell against the communal bathroom door just a few feet away at the end of the hall. The door was locked, and Charlie began to pound on it and demand that the occupant let him in. (It was discovered that Willie Anschutz, another tenant, had futilely tried to gain access to the bathroom nearly an hour before.) When his pounding failed, Charlie staggered down the stairs at the rear of the rooming house and into the backyard.

Soon after Stephens departed, having left the door to the apartment open as he did so, Grace heard the sound of a gunshot emanating from the bathroom. "We had a common wall—the bathroom and our kitchen—and the door to the apartment was open," Ms. Walden said. "I recognized it at once as a gunshot. My father taught us all how to use a rifle, and I was used to the sound of gunfire." She looked out through the door-

(continued on page 50)



"You'd think she'd appreciate these little extra-credit projects."



YEN FOR LOVE

Photography by Clive McLean













[HTTP://FREEMAGS.CC](http://freemags.cc)

Calm, placid, serene, tranquil—that's the way a lot of people feel when they're in the Orient. Not this couple. Taking a page from ancient Japan's famed pillow books, which were left with brides to instruct them in the variety of sexual positions, these visitors to the Far East sample two from column A and three from column B. With this kind of feast, these two will be hungry for more in an hour.

KING ASSASSINATION

(continued from page 42)

way into the corridor.

"Then I saw him," she said. "He was moving fast. Not running, but walking very fast right past our doorway. And he carried something in his right hand. His body was between me and what he had in his hand so I couldn't see exactly what it was. But it was fairly long, and from the way he swung his right arm I had the impression that it was a rather heavy object."

A little later Grace Walden took off her housedress and put on a streetdress. "I figured that the police might be around soon, and I wanted to look presentable," she remarked. Then she saw Stephens staggering up the rear stairs. "I told him what had happened, and he said he wanted to see the man. So he tiptoed down the hall, making a lot of noise but acting like he was silent. And he had his finger up to his lips as if to tell me to be quiet. I told him not to be so silly, that the man had left more than five minutes before. Anyway, Charlie had left his glasses on the bed, and he can hardly see across the hallway without them." Stephens returned without sighting the gunman.

Within minutes the Memphis police arrived at the murder scene. Their investigation was already directed by

the FBI, which had assumed command of the probe without lawful jurisdiction. (It was still a state murder case at that point in time.)

They discovered that a bundle containing a rifle and a suitcase had been left in front of the Canipe Amusement Company on South Main, two doors down from 418½, and that neither Gus Canipe nor the customers in his store could identify the man who had placed them there. Canipe later told me, "All I saw of the man was his back. Hell, it could have been you for all I know. I never noticed nothing about him. I could never identify him."

The FBI determined that the shot had been fired from the window of the second-floor communal bathroom, which faced the Lorraine Motel balcony, where Dr. King had been standing when he was shot. It also determined that Grace Walden may have been the only witness. She was taken to headquarters for questioning, together with Charlie Stephens.

She told the police the man she had seen was "about my height. I'm five foot three inches, and he was maybe two inches taller than me. He was very thin. He was in his late fifties or early sixties." She described his clothing with equal confidence. "He wore a hunting jacket and under it—it was partially open—was a loud-colored checkered shirt. He

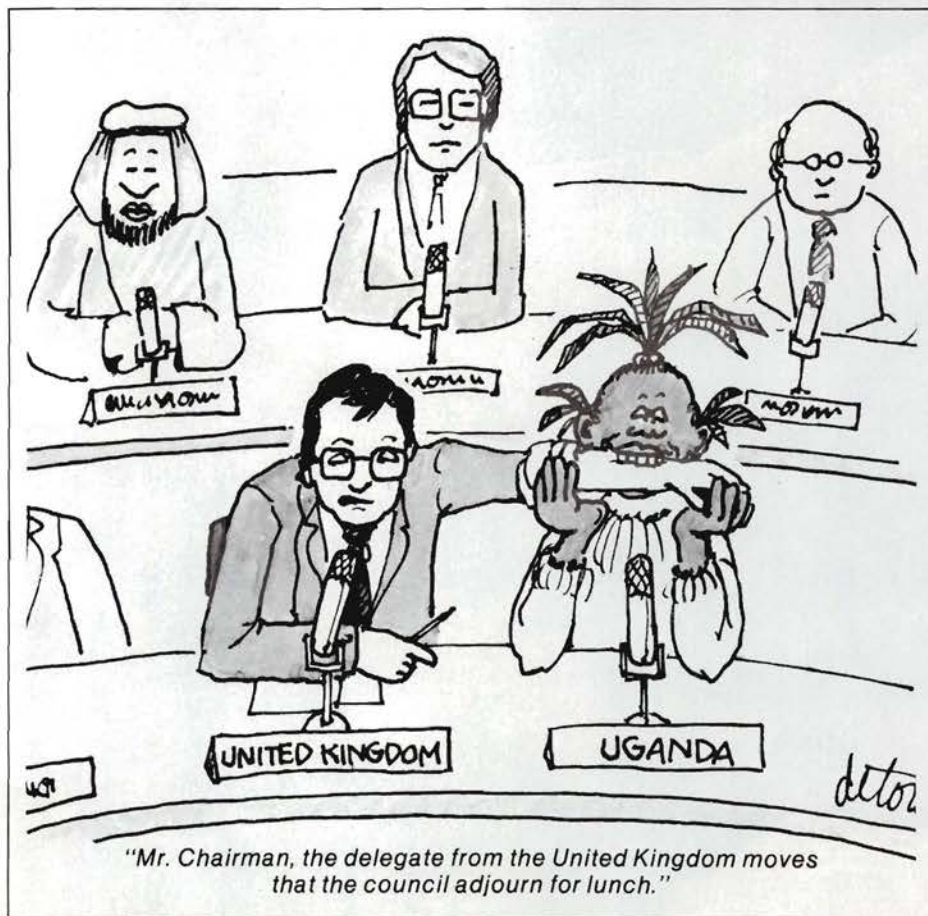
was an older, thin-boned man—just rushing down that corridor with something in his hand, probably a rifle, but about that I cannot be sure." (A statement was also taken from Charlie Stephens, but the contents of that deposition remained undisclosed for a decade.) The police brought in an artist, and Ms. Walden described to him the man she had seen. The drawing—not a composite since it was based upon the description of only one witness—was circulated by local and federal police.

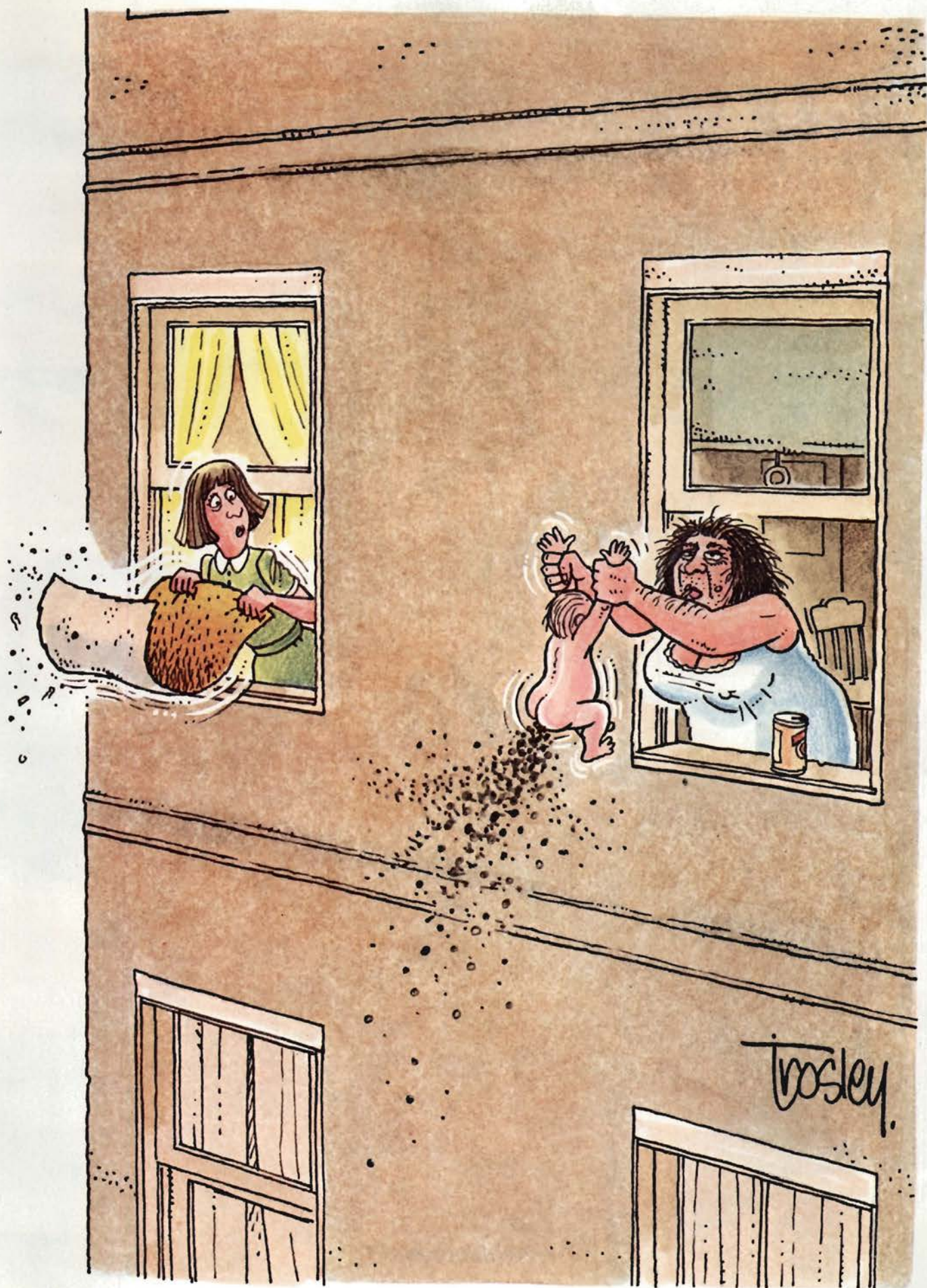
Two months later James Earl Ray was arrested in London by Scotland Yard detectives on charges of using a fraudulently obtained Canadian passport. Ray had been sought because the rifle he had purchased under an assumed name in Birmingham, Alabama, had been discovered in front of Canipe's. The rifle bore Ray's fingerprints. A suitcase found alongside the weapon contained several articles of clothing and other items bearing Ray's fingerprints, including a radio he had bought at the Missouri State Penitentiary, a pair of binoculars and some beer cans. The Memphis District Attorney General, Phil Canale, Jr., later explained that it was "easy to know that Ray was the suspect" since the radio had Ray's name and prison serial number engraved on it.

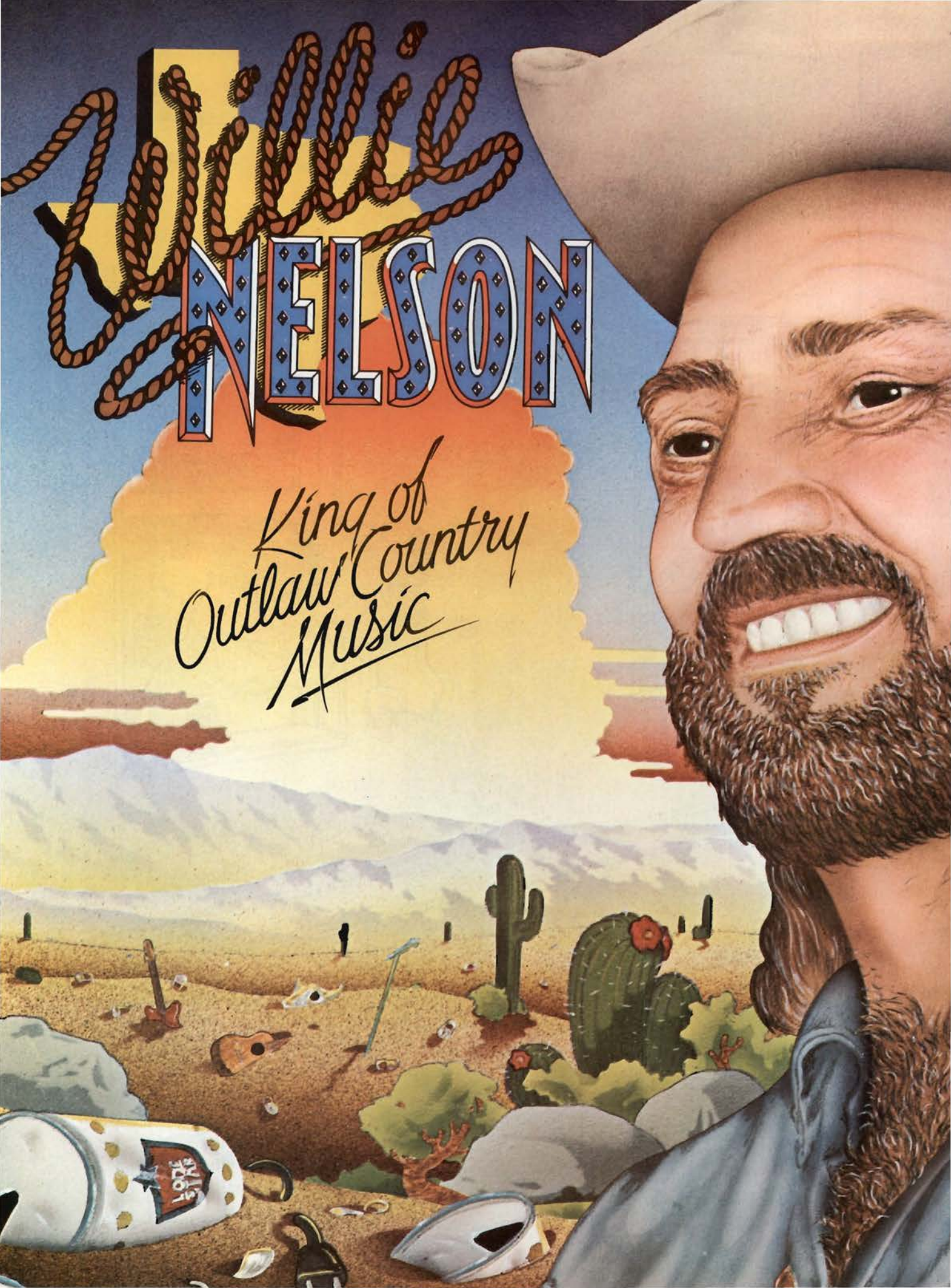
Ray—proclaimed the killer of Dr. King by the FBI—could only be extradited from England to the United States if evidence of his probable guilt could be established by the police. At that moment there was no evidence to establish James Earl Ray as the murderer of Martin Luther King, Jr. The slug that struck Dr. King had been removed from his body and examined by FBI ballistics expert Robert A. Frazier. Frazier conceded he *could not prove* the bullet had been fired from Ray's rifle, citing as his reason "distortion due to mutilation and insufficient marks of value [for purposes of ballistic analysis]." Grace Walden was the only witness who might establish the suspect's guilt, and after Ray's arrest she was brought to police headquarters.

At headquarters she reminded the police that while Ray was about 40 years old, the man she had seen was considerably *older*. She also reiterated that while Ray was almost six-feet tall and of a medium build, the man she had seen was much *smaller* in height and weight. Before she left the police station, after refusing to commit the perjury that the local police and federal agents hoped for—indeed were insistent to suborn—she was told that if she testified at the trial of James Earl Ray on his behalf she would be in "grave danger."

(continued on page 94)







King of
Outlaw Country
Music

NELSON



The first thing I learned from Willie Nelson is that all is not what it appears to be. Maybe it was the Navy grog, the exotic birds flying around the lobby or the balmy weather, but I had never before encountered a picture as pretty as the Honolulu airport.

"This is paradise," I crowed repeatedly after my arrival.

But then Willie Nelson strolled in fresh off a jet from Denver. Surveying the landscape, from the bay near Pearl Harbor across the skyscraper hugging Waikiki on to Diamond Head, he corrected me. "Naw," he drawled in that hardscrabble Texas whine, "this ain't shit compared to where we're goin'." Actually, as far as Willie Nelson's personally concerned, paradise is spelled "pair o' dice." A week's break in Hawaii (under the guise of hosting Willie Nelson's First Annual Aloha Picnic) is his payback for gambling a safe, prosperous career as one of Nashville's more prolific composers in the '60s for the uncertain grind of performing before live audiences.

Used to be, I could usually find Willie hanging around home or over at his combination pool hall/domino parlor in Austin, mojo central of New Wave country music. But that was before three platinum albums, the Willie Nelson picnics, a bathtub full of awards and his reputation all combined to stack the chips too high.

Last year he packed his wife, Connie, and the kids off to Colorado for some privacy, rented a Malibu apartment for himself and left the Texas ranch house in the care of Mom and Pop Nelson. Willie, plain and simple, was too big for central Texas. At 45, Willie Nelson had finally made it—up from the roadhouses and into the hockey arenas; from country star to plain old star.

Nelson had changed little physically since I had seen him last. Maybe the lines that creased his bearded face had deepened again, but he had accumulated so many now that he no longer seemed aging, but ageless. To me he still resembled a blissed-out pit mechanic from the Heart o' Texas Speedway—in his duckbilled cap, T-shirt, jeans, jogging shoes, dago shades that hid last night's mistakes, and the hollowed-out buffalo nickel dangling from his left ear. Make that a wizened pit mechanic. I remembered all Willie's stories: about his belief in the power of positive thinking; how back in Tennessee he could move objects by staring at them; his kung fu training; and his love of Edgar Cayce books, which deal with, among other matters, astral traveling. But what convinced me that there is something special about Willie Nelson is the fact that he has never covered up his roots.

It's a long way from Nelson's hometown of Abbott, Texas (population 375)—where even today the two grandest structures in town are the white-clapboard Baptist church and the white-clapboard Methodist church across the street—but Willie always brings along some reminders. One is his sister, Bobbie Nelson, whose down-home, honky-tonk piano keeps the rest of the band honest and close to the basics whenever they get off on a Grateful Dead jag. Another is Billy Ray Cooper, Nelson's chauffeur. There was nothing so assuring during that memorable piss stop—somewhere on Maui—as hearing Billy Ray's parched voice cutting through the fragrant land of luau with a rendition of

Profile by Joe Nick Patoski

one of his favorite Gospel hymns.

Like Willie Nelson, Cooper is a bona fide white-trash rogue. He has a tattoo with the word *Texas*, backed by a lone star. Before joining Nelson he was an ambulance driver in San Antonio, a strip-joint proprietor in Houston, a pimp and hood in Fort Worth and an honorary colonel in Louisiana ("Which is a hell of a lot better than being honored with a warrant for your arrest," Billy Ray philosophizes).

Also, he is a middle-aged crazy—like his employer—but the reason Willie claims he hired Billy Ray is because he is a radio preacher's son. "That made him suspect right off," Willie grinned. I loved Billy Ray. As for Willie, Texas can never be eliminated from his soul, and he isn't even trying to get rid of it.

Willie is one of the very few who actually deserve the title "Cosmic Cowboy." He has unusual qualities. Following the piss break, he dozed soundly off to sleep in the backseat while Billy Ray steered back to their hotel. When Billy Ray hesitated briefly at a fork in the road, Willie bolted upright, as if on cue, and mumbled, "To the right!" without being asked and sunk back to sleep again.

"I always felt that everybody went through these rough times before they

became superstars," Willie said the following afternoon on the porch of his cabana. "I was always goin' along with it. I felt like I was a success as a musician when I was thirteen years old and went to work with this bohemian band, playin' guitar. I thought I'd made it then. I was makin' eight dollars a night, and that was a lot of money. To me, a kid in Abbott, I was successful. And everything since then has been a success 'cause I've made more than that almost every night since."

I strained hard to pay attention, but a quick jog with the boss, which left me wheezing in unison with Billy Ray, and chain-smoking stupid dope afterward left me well-nigh lifeless. Billy Ray coughed and said he'd never felt better. The overall effect was that Willie just made coming up the ranks for 20 years sound easy—which it wasn't.

The roots of Willie Nelson's raising are in the middle of gently rolling blackland ten miles from Hillsboro (the buckle of the Bible Belt) and 20 miles from Waco. Abbott was not and is not the most blissful of places to grow up. Kinda dull, in fact. "Kids hang out around town all the time," Willie said. "After dark everyone just hangs out, sittin' around, smokin' cigarettes, talkin' about girls. I guess they're still doin' it. Nearest beer is six miles away. Back

then us teenagers didn't have a car, so we'd have to take a bicycle or hitchhike to get the beer."

As with most small towns in Texas, Abbott's mood was measured by its religious population. In this case the bohemian Catholics balanced out the Baptists, Methodists and Church of Christs. The former gave young Willie a chance to know the Night Life, playing with the country and polka bands that frequented the Czech-dominated social halls in the area. Such church-sponsored affairs made it easy for Willie to break down the differences: "Catholics are beer drinkers, bingo players and dancers. Course, the Methodists and the Baptists frown on all that. Church of Christ doesn't even allow musical instruments in its church. They just sing. I was raised in the Methodist, later joined the Baptists when I was grown. I had the feelin' from people I was around that Baptists were more liberal than Methodists, and Catholics were most liberal of all. But I didn't want to be a Catholic 'cause I didn't want to confess to the priest every Sunday what I did the week before. I decided Baptist was the line of least resistance."

That faith remained with Willie when he joined the Air Force. When he was discharged in 1951 and wound up in Fort Worth, picking with small bands on the rough and bloody Jacksboro Highway and North Side bar circuit, his faith was challenged.

"I was teachin' Sunday school at the Metropolitan Baptist Church," Willie remembered. "I don't know how they found out, but I was asked to either stop playin' in honky-tonks or drop my Sunday-school class." But he didn't waiver. "Since the Sunday school wasn't payin' me as much as the beer joints, I had to leave the church."

Despite what he may claim today, his budding career kicked off ignominiously. While toiling in the clubs, he sold vacuum cleaners, encyclopedias and used cars on the side to support his first wife and daughter. "It was good for me in a way. I was lazy and I'm still lazy, but in order to be a good salesman you got to be a self-starter and get your ass movin' in the mornin', makin' those appointments and goin' out and knockin' on doors."

His first experience hinted at a good future for his "kill 'em with kindness" approach, which he still employs. "I borrowed an old panel truck from a buddy of mine so I could sell *Encyclopedia Americanas* in Fort Worth. I didn't have time to learn the pitch, so I just took the typewritten pitch with me and went out

(continued on page 97)





"You licked your last finger, Colonel."



SHEILA

AN EAR FOR SEX





Even though she's only 18, Sheila says she's a sexually fulfilled woman. "I really get into sex," the Southern California beauty says, "and I like doing just about everything." Being an outdoors girl, that means tennis and swimming, and balling on the beach, in the woods—"anyplace outdoors."

Sheila doesn't fantasize much about sex, but she suffers from a lollipop complex. "I like to be kissed and licked all

over," she tells us. "I like a man to go down on me, to lick me a lot when we're making love. It's a real turn-on. And it makes me feel like he loves me. I especially like to be licked in the ear. I get most turned-on when I hear a guy breathing hard while he's nibbling on my ear."

We hear you, Sheila, and we respect your decision to share your sexuality with us.

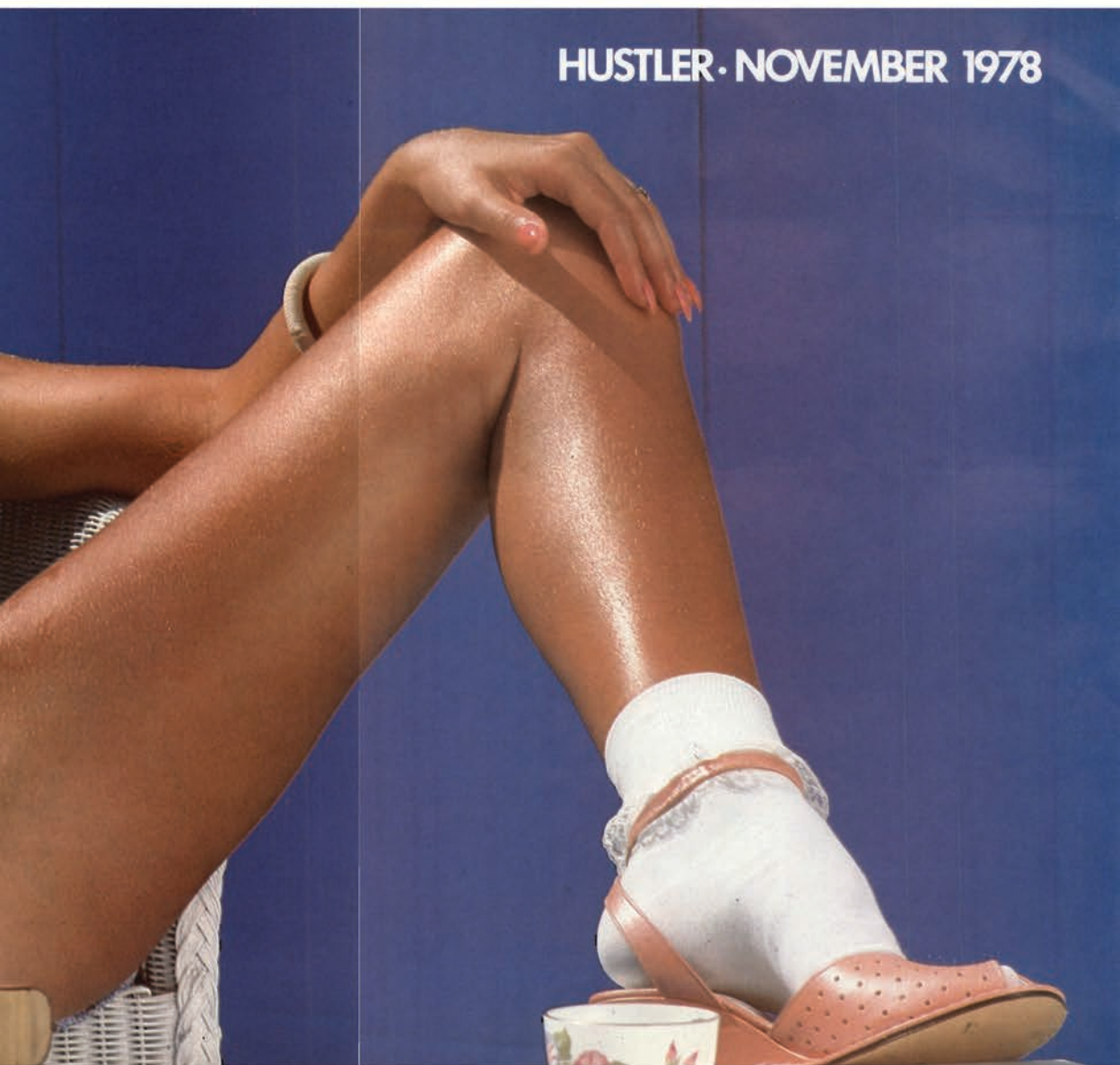








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Mrs. Bernstein was in the vanguard when the civil-rights marchers arrived in Birmingham, Alabama, that eventful day. She applied for a room at a hotel, but was refused. The red-neck clerk said, "We don't rent rooms to Jews—only Baptists."

Mrs. Bernstein replied, "But I am a Baptist!"

The clerk said, "If you're a Baptist, tell me where Jesus was born."

"In Bethlehem," she answered.

The clerk cried, "No, not in what city! Where? In a hospital, an alley or a home for unwed mothers?"

"He was born in a stable," Mrs. Bernstein said. "And do you know why? Because a son of a bitch like you wouldn't give his mother a hotel room!"

Two Englishmen sitting on a bench by the village green were engaged in their usual brisk conversation of a grunt every 15 minutes when one of them came out with a flood of words: "Eh, Thomas. I know a place where you can get a mug of ale, a bit of bread and cheese, a gammon of real Yorkshire ham and a go with the barmaid—all for two and eightpence!"

Old Thomas stared out across the green for ten minutes, the whole time tugging at his beard. Then he turned to his companion, wagged his head and said, "Can't be real Yorkshire ham!"

Apparently, the dreaded Polish Mafia is at work again in Chicago. Two victims were found with their heads tied together, shot through the hands.

A stutterer was being mocked for his impediment. "B-b-but every-b-b-body has some p-p-peculiarity," he said.

"N-n-now take y-y-y-yourself. W-w-w-which hand do you w-w-w-wipe your ass with?"

"The left hand," replied the man.

"Well, th-th-that's your p-p-peculiarity. M-m-most people u-u-use t-t-toilet paper!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *jockstrap* as: a prick pocket.

Question: What do you get when you cross a praying mantis and a crab louse?

Answer: A bug that says grace before proceeding to eat your balls.

Grilling the pervert, one cop said, "Well, creep, we got you! That girl was only eight years old!"

"Damn," said the pervert. "I'd have thought she was no older than six."

The pilot calmly announced to his six passengers, "We have only enough fuel to fly for fifteen minutes. The nearest landing strip is forty-five minutes away. I am bailing out. The airplane will be on automatic pilot. There are five parachutes in the baggage space in the rear. Good luck."

The passengers had no trouble deciding on the first three to get chutes: two newlyweds on their honeymoon and a young atomic scientist. This left an old rabbi, a bearded, black hippie and the Exalted Cyclops of the Georgia Klan to fight over the remaining two parachutes.

The Exalted Cyclops, scornfully glaring at the hippie, addressed the rabbi. "This dropout can contribute nothing to mankind. I'll take this parachute and you take the other one." Then he bailed out.

When the hippie grabbed a parachute and handed it to the old rabbi, the rabbi said, "No, young man, you take it and save your young life. I have lived mine."

"We've both got one," said the hippie. "That asshole from the Klan just took my backpack!"

On a long bus ride a girl was passing the time by reading birth and death statistics. Suddenly, she turned to the man sitting beside her and said, "Do you know that every time I breathe a man dies?"


"Very interesting," replied the man. "Why don't you try using a mouthwash?"

Since he was having a great deal of trouble sleeping one night, a young man got up for a late-night snack. He could find nothing in the refrigerator but a jar of apple juice. It had a sweet taste, and he was very

sick the rest of the night. In the morning the man dragged himself out of bed late and found a note his wife had left him: "I have gone to the doctor for my weekly diabetes test. Be home around noon."

"P.S. What did you do with my urine specimen?"

After the hopeful heirs chided their wealthy grandmother for blowing a lot of money on a gigolo, the old woman said patiently, "There are two things worse than an empty purse: a greedy heart, like yours, and an empty snatch, like mine."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: *HUSTLER Humor*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we will send you \$25. Sorry, but we can't return submissions. 



CHESTER

...AND INTRODUCING
HIS NEW SWEETHEART...

HESTER

BY *WAINES TINSLEY*



"Hi, Sugar. I'm the girl from the computer dating service you asked for."

ABORT INTERCOURSE OR



This pregnant woman died during a criminal abortion. Photo from the files of Dr. Milton Helpert, Medical Examiner, City of New York.

A PRO-ABORTION VIEWPOINT by MARILYN KATZ

In the late '60s, when the fight to legalize abortion was at its height, few in the pro-abortion movement thought that they could lose. They were fighting to save women's lives, fighting for justice, fighting for an end to the blackmail and exorbitant prices that faced women who chose abortion. Perhaps most important, they were fighting for the rights of a majority—the full 52 percent of the U.S. population who are women.

Yet in the half-decade since legalization in 1973, abortion rights have been gradually whittled down to a fraction of what they were when won, and now they are in danger of being totally abolished. A coalition led by the right wing and the Catholic hierarchy, with money at the top and truly concerned people at the bottom, has claimed that the ending of legal abortion will be a key to redeeming "the American family and the American way of life." The so-called "pro-life" movement has blamed

abortion (along with other feminist causes) for the disintegration of the nuclear family, the growth in numbers of unwed teenage mothers and the increase in extramarital and premarital sex. They have labeled as murderers both women who receive abortions and those doctors who perform them.

In a mere five years the anti-abortion (or compulsory-pregnancy) movement has grown from an isolated collection of fundamentalists, Catholic functionaries and woman-haters to a mass movement claiming more than 11 million members. This represents a tremendous rate of growth, and one threatening the improvements to health and welfare that legalized abortion has allowed in women's lives. For example, in the first year of legalization the death rate for mothers undergoing abortion dropped drastically. Today abortion is much safer than childbirth, and more than 1 million women each year choose it to end their pregnancies. (continued on page 70)

PRO- LIFE MURDER?



As these tiny feet show, a baby's body is well-formed by ten weeks. Photo used with permission of Hayes Publishing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AN ANTI-ABORTION VIEWPOINT by JESSICA PAGE

Take a sampling of North American males by lining them up and asking them if they're glad abortion is now legal in the United States. Chances are they'd say yes. There are several reasons for this. The first is that most men have been conditioned to regard abortion as an integral aspect of birth prevention and as a social necessity in today's world. The second reason is that most men tend to consider abortion to be a procedure that takes care of a *woman's* problem; as such, they're willing to go along with it. Finally, there are those who honestly see the availability of abortion as a cure for serious social problems, such as neglected and abused children, and they thus regard it as a necessary, humane family-planning measure for troubled parents.

Ask these same men what they think the "pro-life" movement is, and you would probably hear it described as a group of

intensely religious types who are ignorant of the need for men and women to control their reproductive lives. You might even hear that pro-lifers are old-fashioned people who want to go back to the days when women made babies and men made money and never the twain would meet.

The pro-life movement does not say that America should "go back" *anywhere*, or that women and men should retrace the great strides they have taken in the last decade to achieve equality. The pro-life movement simply says two things:

(1) All human lives—young or mature—are deserving of legal protection.

(2) Abortion kills a living human being while it ensures that the injustices propelling many women toward it are kept in place: prejudice against the unattached pregnant woman, denial of education to young women of high-school age on the basis of pregnancy, delay of medical-insurance (*continued on page 72*)

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(continued from page 68) Those who wish to protect abortion rights are adamant. The pro-choice movement argues that unrestricted access to safe abortion is essential to every woman's right to control her future, and is thus essential to her life.

To understand the tempest and the fury of the debate, however, it is first necessary to consider the changes that the lives of men and women have undergone during the last few years—changes that are economic, cultural, familial and sexual.

Perhaps the most significant change has been in the area of reproduction itself. Within only the last 100 years have birth-control methods created the possibility of freeing sexual intercourse from the onus of childbearing. Prior to this development only abstinence, unreliable contraceptive measures or dangerously primitive methods of abortion could prevent a woman from becoming a mother. In the last 30 years the technology of birth control has developed at an amazing rate of speed, creating a situation in which childbearing has the potential for becoming voluntary. And, once voluntary, motherhood no longer becomes the sole, or ultimate, vocation of women. Rather, it becomes simply an option.

Simultaneously, there has been a change in the role of women in the work force. Approximately 41 percent of the labor force is composed of women. And 44.5 percent of all women work outside of their homes. Despite the myth that such work is merely an "avocation" or "hobby," most women take jobs because they *have to*—to support themselves and/or their families, or to supplement their partners' incomes.

Families too have undergone a transformation, although some would call it a disintegration. By the mid-'60s one out of every three marriages in America ended in divorce. By the mid-'70s this figure had risen. As a result, women increasingly became the heads of households, functioning as breadwinners, while more younger women looked at the lives of their friends and parents and wondered whether or not marriage was really the fulfillment for which they had been taught to yearn.

These changes created a cultural and sexual rebellion. No, not a revolution; the seat of power remains pretty much where it always has been—with men. But it was a rebellion nevertheless, and mainly of women. The most vocal leaders of the rebellion formed the Women's Liberation Movement. Comprising tens of thousands, but representing millions, the Women's Liberation Movement described the changes that had occurred and put forward an ideology that it felt was better suited to the times.

It rejected the traditional definition of





women as wives and mothers and introduced the concept that women are total human beings with a wide range of choices—choices about whether or not to marry, whether or not to have children, whether or not to have a career, whether or not to have sex outside of marriage or even outside of relations with men. The movement asserted that women are intellectually, physically and morally complete. And as complete beings, they have the right to control their own lives—including their reproductive processes.

The rebellion of women was, of course,

1. Found by her husband, this mother of three died as the result of a self-induced lye abortion.
2. The newborn infant pictured here was tossed into an incinerator by the mother and then discarded in a snowbank.
3. This fetus shows gross malformation of the brain, characteristic of an anencephalic baby.
4. A mother gave birth to this baby and left it to die in a garbage can.



partially caused and conditioned by a more general sexual rebellion. By the mid-'60s it was clear to all that sexual activity had broken out of the bounds of the family and the need to procreate, and had taken on new purposes and definitions. It was engaged in to produce pleasure, intimacy, communication, an end to loneliness and to fulfill whatever needs were present at the time.

Each of these changes has been liberating, at least in part. Despite the constant pressures of the Judeo-Christian moral code, women are no longer totally restricted to choosing between being a wife and mother (the Madonna image) or being a single woman with backstreet sexual liaisons (the whore) whose children are branded as bastards. To some degree, female sexuality is no longer considered synonymous with sin.

Today women may have orgasms. In fact, they're told by the media that they should have them. Women may have lovers—in fact, many women are intimidated into saying yes when they'd like to say no but fear they'll be considered unhip. Women may stay single without being pariahs or spinsters (read *Mademoiselle*, *Glamour* or *Ms.* magazines for the prescription). A fine principle—the independent woman, with or without a man, with or without a child. But is she truly independent? Can she be truly independent in this society? The answers to these questions have great importance in the debate surrounding abortion.

For those women in the labor force their work is hardly as glamorous or liberating as many publications would paint it. Women are among the lowest-paid workers in the country, earning an average (in 1975) of \$7,600 annually. Minority women work at an even lower rate of pay—hardly the wage level required to support a new and independent life-style.

Should a woman who needs to work, whether single or married, choose to bear a child, her situation may grow worse—because a large percentage of employers still engage in discriminatory and illegal employment practices. Many companies will not hire pregnant women. Other companies fire women when they become pregnant, and some firms give pregnancy screening tests to female employees on a regular basis. At present, most companies do not provide pregnancy-disability payments for the time that women who choose to bear children are off work. Neither do they guarantee women a job when they return to work after childbirth. Nor do most companies pay for the medical expenses incurred during pregnancy (including abortion expenses). And unemployment laws do not guarantee pay-

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(continued from page 69) payments to the pregnant and unwed, lack of nutritional services for the poor to help combat birth defects—the list goes on.

Since 1973, when abortion was legalized in America, groups of concerned people have intensified their efforts to educate the public about the development of human life before birth and the need for nonviolent solutions to the problem of unplanned pregnancy. These groups and their memberships are not easily categorized, as syndicated columnist Nick Thimmesch loves to point out. He wrote: "There is a collection of Protestants, Catholics and Jews, blacks and whites, poor and rich, toilers and intellectuals—a strange lot, indeed—which is against abortion." That strange lot may take a while before it convinces the U.S. that abortion destroys a human life—in some cases, that of a large baby—but they won't stop trying until they do.

The pro-life position on human life is clear, scientific and egalitarian. A new human life is created when the male sperm joins the female egg, or ovum. A human being begins his existence as a single fertilized cell and develops according to a determined pattern. Some people argue that, given the staggering complexity of human life and our human capacity to learn, teach, reflect, create and make love, we do not really become "human beings" with full human rights until we manifest some of these traits of maturity. The human embryo or fetus, they argue, is too primitive to be counted alongside its mother, father or siblings.

But the pro-life movement says that this claim is discriminatory. It maintains that *all* human lives are created equal. It is true that the 14-week fetus cannot demonstrate complete emotional responses in the same way his mother does, but neither can the newborn or the toddler. The fetus, the newborn infant and the toddler are no less human than their parents—only less developed, less mature.

The terms *embryo*, *fetus*, *infant*, *adolescent* and *adult* refer to stages of growth and not to degrees of humanity. Humanity in its completeness belongs to every human individual. There is no value we can assign to ourselves that justifies our right to continue life except that we are human individuals conceived by human parents. If qualitative standards are to prevail—if we are to be of a certain age, race or disposition—whose standards will it be? Who will measure up and who won't? And who will do the measuring?

In the United States today (based on U.S. Supreme Court rulings) it is permissible to destroy an unborn human life—and not just within the first 12 weeks of pregnancy, as is commonly believed.



1. Once the cord is cut, the baby (which is born alive) is left to die in a method called hysterotomy.

2. Most abortions performed in the United States today are suction abortions and result in torn and mutilated young bodies.

3. Salt poisoning at 19 weeks: Salt poisoning is a slow, agonizing method of killing a living fetus.

4. A six-week-old fetus from an unruptured ectopic pregnancy. Photo courtesy of Robert L. Wolfe, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

5. A baby can, with the help of modern science, survive outside the womb as early as four-and-a-half months after fertilization, as this baby demonstrates.





Photo on page 69 and photos 1, 2, 3, and 5 here reprinted from *Handbook on Abortion*. Used by permission of Hayes Publishing Company, Cincinnati, Ohio 45224.

After the first three months abortion on demand is allowed, though all states have the authority to make the procedure safer for the woman by the licensing and procedural rules established for doctors and clinics. Once the fetus has reached viability (capability of independent existence outside the mother's womb), which is now considered the last four-and-a-half months of pregnancy, a state cannot for-

bid an abortion if a physician deems it necessary to preserve the life or health of the mother. "Health" is defined in the ruling in a very broad fashion. It takes into consideration the mother's marital status, her desire to have the baby, her financial condition, whether she would suffer social or mental distress, etc. In practice, then, the U. S. Supreme Court's 1973 decision allows abortion on demand for the entire nine months of pregnancy.

Pro-life people feel that the Supreme Court's 1973 ruling, which set out these sweeping terms, makes an arbitrary judgment about who is deserving of legal protection. There is very little reason to grant a baby the legal right to live after birth if you deny that right to him moments before he passes from his mother. A baby's life from soon after fertilization until birth is not so different from that of a newborn's. By eight weeks all the organs of the body are present, even though the fetus may measure only one inch in length. The actual sex of the baby is determined at fertilization; after eight weeks even the sexual organs have begun to develop.

Before a fetus is 12 weeks old it will be doing many of the things we associate with newborn infants. Most of these activities, such as thumb-sucking, breathing, swallowing and kicking, are vital to the fetus's health. Once the organs and muscles of the human body have been formed, they must be kept in good condition or the body will suffer from inactivity. This is true of adults, and it is equally true of babies before they are born.

The most common method of abortion before the 12th week is vacuum curettage (suction abortion); the fetus is broken apart and sucked out through a tube and into a glass jar. After 12 weeks, when the skeletal system of the fetus is too well-developed to be destroyed by vacuum, the fluid that surrounds and protects the baby inside the uterus is withdrawn and saline solution is injected into the uterus. The fetus absorbs the fluid, convulses and dies from salt poisoning—usually within 12 hours. The mother delivers a dead baby approximately 12 to 48 hours after the injection.

The Supreme Court's ruling that unborn humans do not have the same legal right to live as the rest of us has led to some embarrassing disputes. Take the case of Dr. William Baxter Waddill, Jr. He aborted a 31-week fetus on March 2, 1977. Waddill was accused of strangling the baby girl after she survived a salt-poisoning abortion. At the preliminary hearing on April 19, 1977, defense attorney Matthew Kurilich, with staggering simplicity, outlined the situation: "There's no

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Beauty's BEAST

Wandering alone on this enchanted plain, Beauty is followed by the Beast who calls this desert home. As she stops to answer a call of nature, the Beast realizes he is fascinated by this exquisite intruder in his domain. But, he wonders, will such a Beauty be horrified by his beastly features?








Beasts are not shy creatures. Nevertheless, he fears being mocked, fears causing revulsion. He approaches cautiously. Beauty seems to wince in horror. What kind of Halloween get-up is this? On the other hand, he seems to be endowed with some definitely attractive human qualities. The Beast, a stranger to civilized customs such as clothing, begins to strip Beauty bare. She finds him surprisingly gentle, touchingly curious as she gives him a brief anatomy lesson. The Beast is a quick learner.




A woman with blonde hair, wearing a dark, fur-like costume and white socks with black shoes, is lying on her back on a large, weathered log. She is holding the log above her head with both hands. The background is a field of dry grass and shrubs. The lighting is bright, suggesting a sunny day.

Clothing is not the only civilized custom Beauty throws to the wind as she feels the rugged power rising in her primitive suitor. Fierce passion rushes through her as the Beast strokes her, explores her, and soon it's Beauty who's growling with animal lust.









Shedding the last
traces of civilization,
Beauty returns
with her Beast to his
lair. She has
discovered that she,
too, is a wild thing.

Makeup by Rick Schwartz

ABORTION: MERCY?

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ments to women laid off due to pregnancy. Thus, a working woman who becomes pregnant must often choose between maintaining her job and bearing her child. Some "choose" abortion.

The choice to bear a child is not made easier merely because a woman can sometimes rely on a man for psychological or economic support. (Men earn, on the average, between one-half to two-thirds more than women.) Apart from the fact that some women would rather have children without being required to live with a man, women cannot rely on men to be there permanently to share the emotional and financial costs of parenting. Eighty percent of all the fathers who leave their families contribute nothing to the support of their children. Given the high divorce rate, women—whether married or single—can look forward to bearing total responsibility for rearing a child without access to affordable medical care or free child care, and without assurance of a decent-paying job or other income.

Many women, therefore, attempt to prevent pregnancy through the use of contraceptives. However, this choice presents other problems. No contraceptive is 100-percent foolproof. Many of the women who undergo abortions are

faithful users of the Pill, the diaphragm, vaginal foam, etc. In fact, some women have their intrauterine device (IUD) removed or changed at the time of their abortion. The most effective contraceptive, the Pill, appears to work on the principle of destroying the woman to prevent the child. Birth-control pills have been linked to strokes, heart attacks, high blood pressure, blood clots, birth defects, infertility and breast and cervical cancer. The IUD—also relatively effective—can cause disorders of the uterus and cervix, and even tubal pregnancies. The less harmful contraceptives, such as the diaphragm and foam, aren't reliable. And the rhythm method probably accounts for the sizable number of abortions undergone by Catholics.

If women in general face great difficulties in controlling their reproductive lives, young women fare even more poorly. Primitive official attitudes toward sex and sexual behavior have meant that sex education in America is almost nonexistent. Most elementary and high-school sex-education programs are abysmally narrow and do not take into account the sexual realities of youth. Many young people (and adults) have only a meager understanding of reproduction and are unclear about the availability of contraception. Further, many youths believe they must be mar-

ried to obtain birth-control devices.

Even when young people are knowledgeable about sex and pregnancy-prevention, the holdover ideology condemning sex outside of marriage continues to cause enough guilt to make many of them deny their own sexual activity, and prompts them not to obtain contraceptives even when they know they can. It is not their fault, however. Rather, it is the fault of a society that ignores the natural sexuality of youth and tries to corral youthful instincts into structures (such as marriage) that are inadequate.

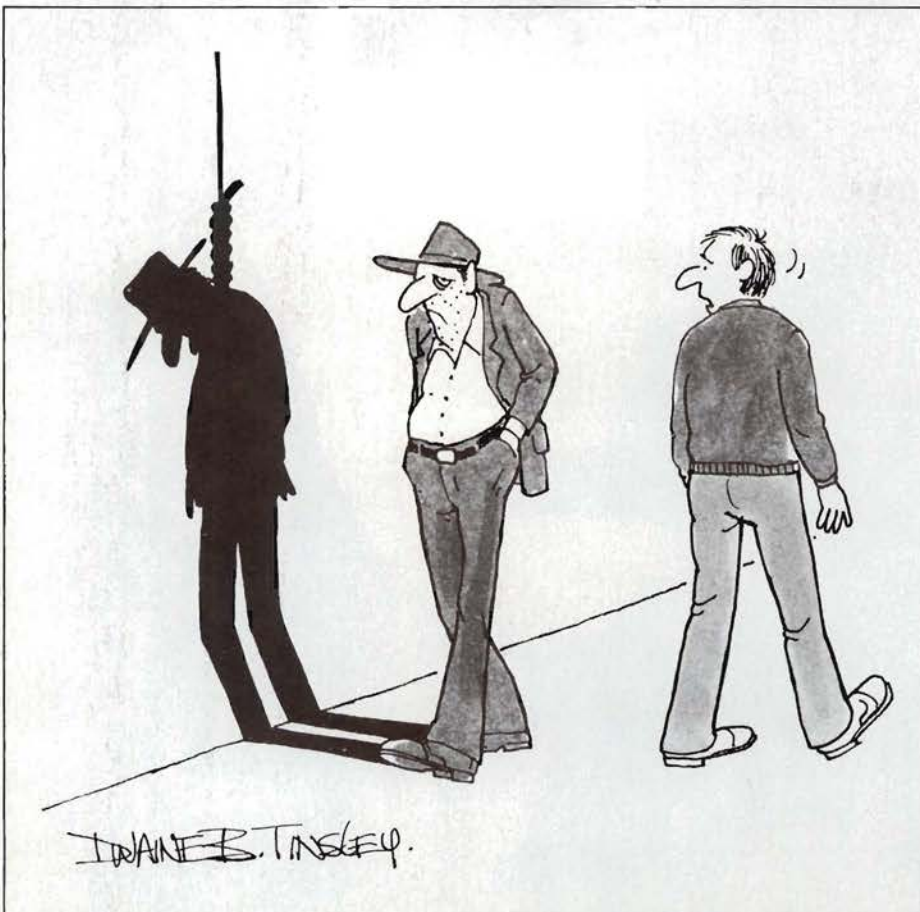
For a young, unmarried woman who becomes pregnant, the choices are not pleasant. She can go through high school or college while pregnant, carrying the stigma of being an "unwed mother" throughout her young life. Or she can drop out of school and be deprived of friendship, education and the skills needed to support herself at even a minimal level. Instead, she can look forward to a life under the restrictions of welfare payments and social workers. Or she can be forced into marriage at age 13, 14 or 15 to raise a child who must live with the resentment of both the mother and father, in an atmosphere that is a fertile breeding ground for future abuse of the woman's own child. To rear a child under such circumstances is to lose the explorations, the joys and the promises of her own childhood.

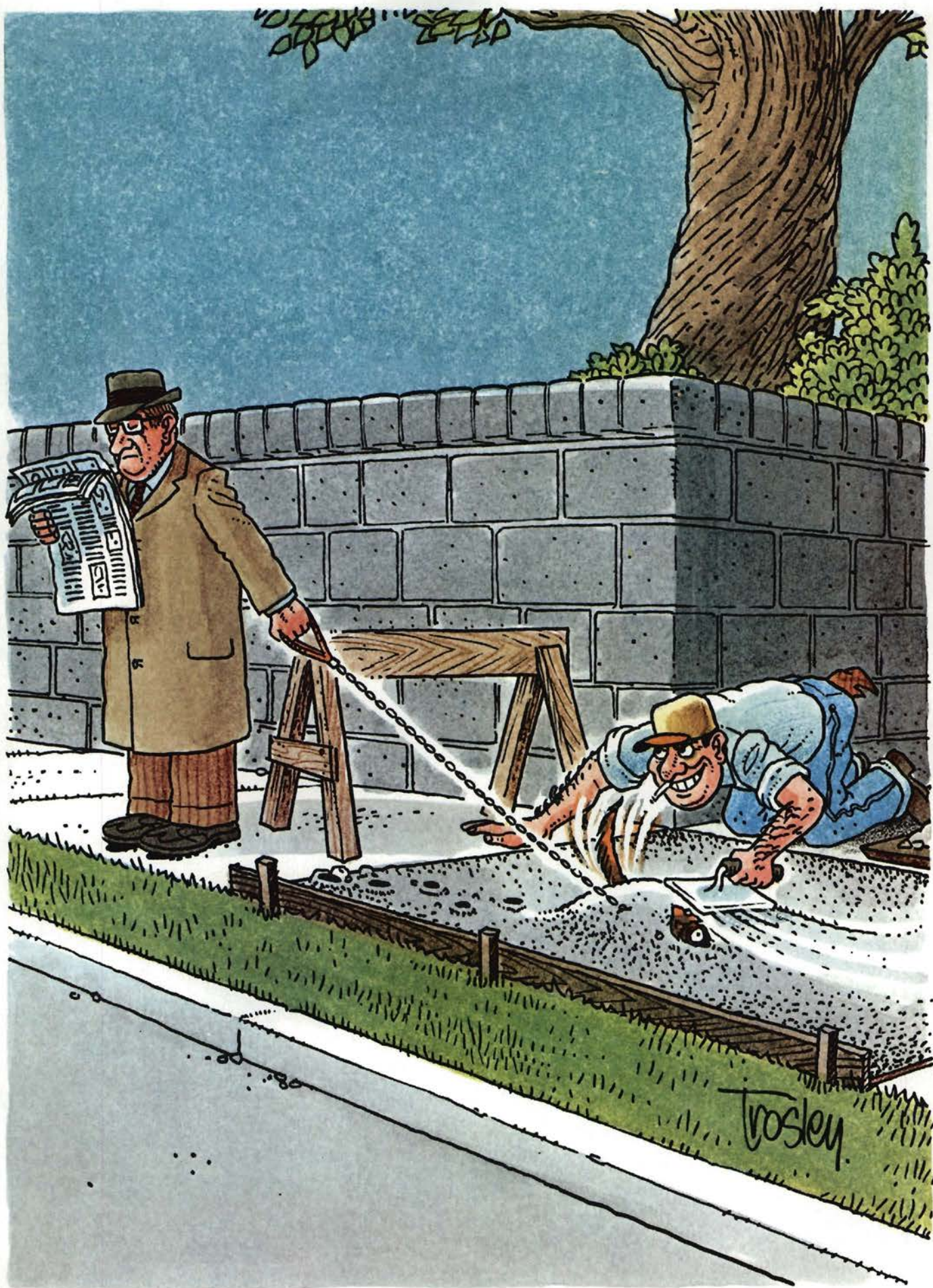
For single adult women the options are not significantly improved. Motherhood for them may well mean a life of poverty and limitations. Or, after a time, it may mean a desperate search for a man to support her.

Married women don't fare much better. At present, motherhood may mean having to give up needed work or being locked into an unhealthy marriage. Even in a good marriage motherhood is not an easy option. To raise a child to the age of 18 may cost a family more than \$54,000. And those who do wish to have children think twice about the choice when there are no guarantees of economic security or adequate social services.

What it comes down to is that women are in a bind. Should they not wish to have a child, but still wish to engage in sexual intercourse with men, they cannot rely on contraception with confidence. Should they wish to have a child within a marriage, they are faced with a great financial responsibility. And should they wish to have a child without marrying a man or living with him, they are not usually in financial shape to maintain an independent stance. There

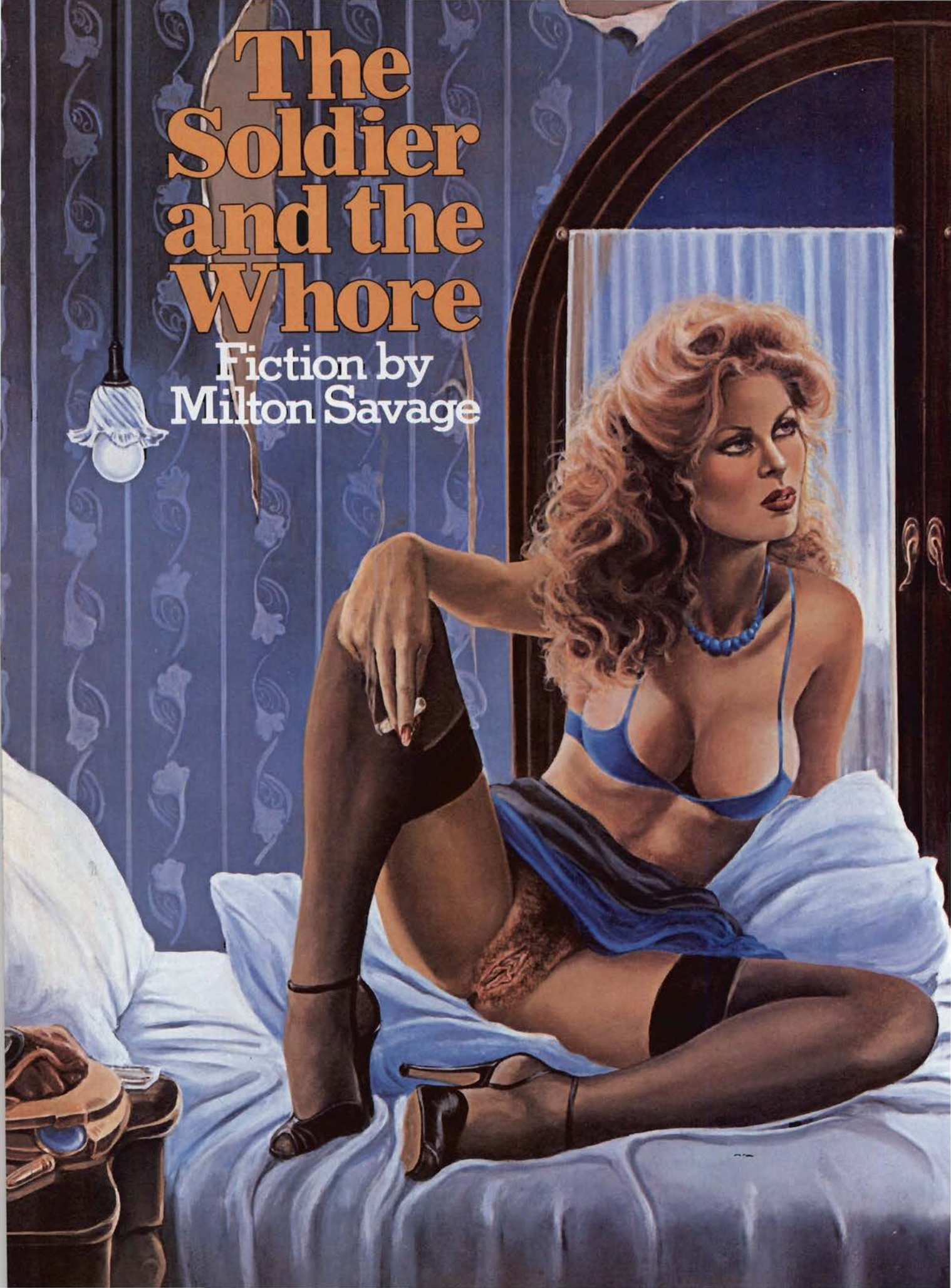
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The Soldier and the Whore

Fiction by
Milton Savage





He came up from the forest to Paris on his first three-day pass since the liberation of France, after the Allies had pushed back the Germans. Snow was still on the ground. It should have been spring. It was not. All day the train had rolled across empty fields, the passengers' breaths condensing against the window glass into long slivers of ice, like bayonets against the dark sky. The American soldier touched the ice points. They melted, chilling his fingertips.

A woman could push the cold out of him. But, after so long in the forest, he felt himself held together with chewing gum. He might cry.

Pressed into the corner of the compartment, he smoked cigarettes and savored the civilian warmth around him. There was only one woman in the compartment. The others were

Algerian workmen. The train wheels beat out "Ile de France, Ile de France, Ile de France..."

A bleak building flashed by the window. It was an abandoned truck farm. Perhaps they had grown flowers before: tulips, chrysanthemums, violets for Les Halles. Now only rubble grew there.

More buildings. Bombed factories with blind, broken windows bleeding blackness into the iron air. Raw ferro-concrete blocks of apartments. A suburban bistro, bleak and cheerless. Four gray men on a gray corner. The train slowed into Gare d'Austerlitz.

The soldier took his AWOL bag down from the overhead rack, filed out of the compartment and off the train. The station was, as all stations are, cold and empty in spite of the mill of people greeting, shaking hands, kissing. Their sound and their warmth was lost overhead in a spiderweb of girders and broken skylights. The soldier walked through the station, crossed the street and turned up along the river. The Seine, winter-stricken, roiled oily green. The soldier walked, his breath swirling around his head. It grew darker. It was Friday night in wartime Paris.

The soldier sauntered the perimeter of a square and down into the gloom of Rue Pigalle. Shadows in the doorways whispered "Fuckee-suckee, GI" as he

passed. The women who worked the doorways were independents. Many had been forced out of the bars and nightclubs by age and ill health. Others simply preferred being their own boss and setting their own prices. In any case, they were the least expensive whores in the city. The soldier stepped into a doorway.

"How much?"

"Two milles, cheri."

"Too much."

"What you got, GI?"

"One mille."

The woman wore a two-piece black suit. She didn't seem too old. She rubbed her body against him. Her hand groped between his legs.

"That all you got? You're young, eh?"

"Yes." He let one word answer both questions.

"OK, cheri, come on. You can be the first tonight. For luck, eh?"

She took his hand, pulled him across the cobbled street and into a small hotel. There was a desk in the small and dirty lobby. Behind the desk sat a small, dirty Algerian. He picked at the hair in his nose with one hand and reached under the counter with the other. He handed the whore two face towels.

"Give me two-hundred francs for the room," she demanded.

"No," the soldier quickly replied.

She made a face, then shrugged. In the light she was unexpectedly youthful, her body quick and stocky. Her face was pleasant: short nose, strong chin, small mouth, yellowish teeth that almost matched her hair, and a hard expression around her blue eyes.

The room was yellow: walls, threadbare carpet, curtains and stained satin bedspread. The bidet and washbowl were white. The woman turned and made the money sign with her thumb and fingertips. She smiled when the soldier handed her a wadded bill.

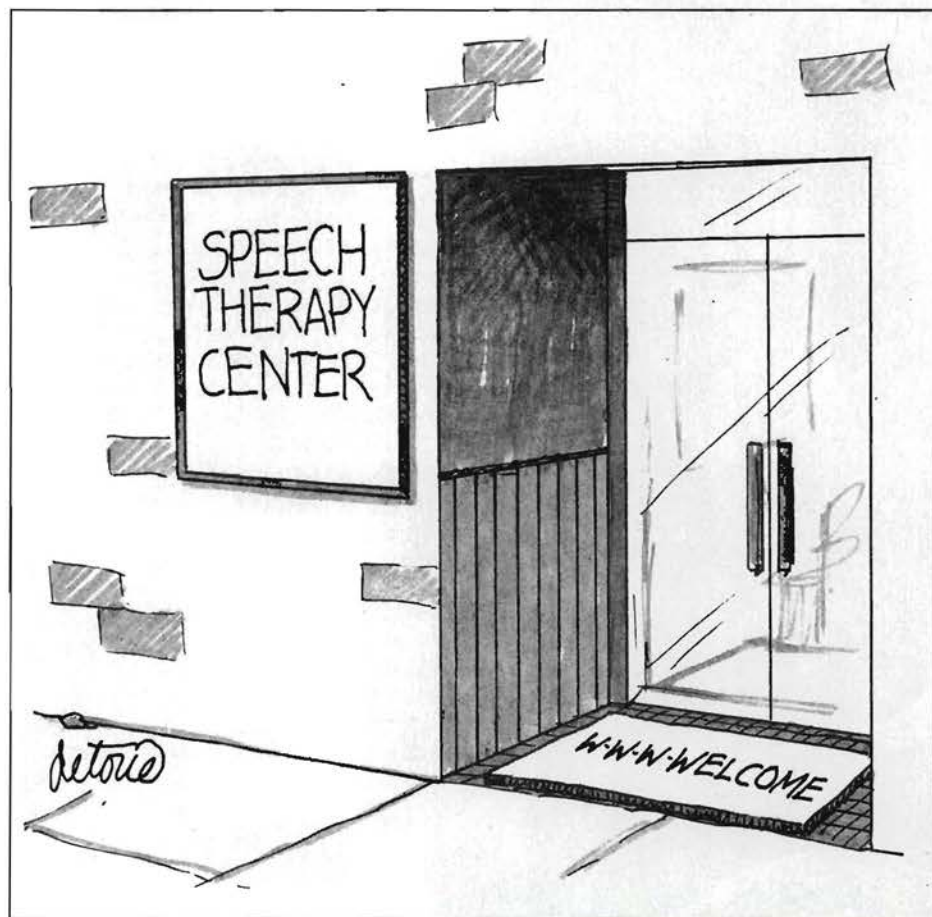
She sat on the bed, crossed her legs and slipped off her flat-heeled shoes. Then she stood and took off the rest of her clothing, everything but her sky-blue brassiere. Her body seemed soft and clean and white. The room filled with her odor of sweat and perfume. She sat on the bed with heavy weariness and looked at the soldier without enthusiasm. He undressed and sat beside her. The bed groaned.

The soldier put his arm around her. She simply sat. He didn't know what to say. He kissed her cheek. She sighed and, taking his erection in her hand, squeezed gently to see if he had gonorrhea. He tried to kiss her mouth. She jerked her head aside and straightened out on the yellow spread.

The soldier looked down at her. She seemed hardly to breathe. Her eyes were closed, her face expressionless. Her hands lay abandoned on the yellow coverlet, white, but not so white as her passive body. Above the knees her legs were covered with soft blond down; below they were shaved pink. Her feet were cobby and blunt with gnarled toes. Bits of red polish speckled the nails. Below her brassiere her stomach lay helpless and exposed.

The soldier kissed her stomach and rubbed his face over it. "How soft," he murmured. Slowly he tongued her skin and navel. Her hand touched the nape of his neck. He kissed the top of her golden pubic hair. It was soft wire to his tongue. He found the ends of her hipbones under the skin and softly nipped her there. He flattened his tongue and licked slow circles over her pelvic girdle. He straightened himself, his feet toward her head. She half rose, half wanting to protest. Gently he forced his head between her legs. Her odor ravished him. His lips engulfed her vulva. His tongue sought her engorged clitoris.

The woman's hand closed around the soldier's penis. Her touch was pensive, almost sad. She rolled onto her side, lowered her head and guided his erection into her wet, warm mouth. She





"Oh, look, Sidney. She looks like she belongs in one of those disgusting ads in magazines back home."

sucked, her tongue circling the glans. Slowly her head began to bob.

The soldier's mouth and nose were filled with her, his face soaked with saliva and her discharge. She squirmed, sighed, shuddered. He felt himself tighten toward ejaculation and rolled away from her, wiping his face on the coverlet. He twisted about and took her in his arms. Her eyes were closed, her mouth wet and open.

"Do you have prophylactics?" he asked.

Her eyelids flickered. "I have no sickness."

"No, fool, I mean babies."

"Crazy."

She smiled, touched his face with her fingertips and closed her eyes.

He covered her. He put his left arm under her neck and slid his right hand under her buttocks. She guided his member between the lips of her slippery vulva and sighed. The soldier convulsed, once, twice, and came and went on plowing. Their skins flowed together, a warm liquid. They rocked, grinding their hips. The woman was far away behind her eyelids, deep inside the surge of herself. Her breath quickened.

The soldier slid both hands under her buttocks. He spread them, stroking her anus with his finger. The woman locked her legs around his waist and pulled

herself, shuddering, against him again and again, whimpering in her throat and covering the side of his face with kisses. She bit his shoulder and dug her fingers into the muscles of his back. He groaned and broke into her again, pounding against her pubic arch. The whore clung to him.

Panting, the soldier slowed, stopped, grew still. Their skin became two skins. He began to grow limp within her. Still she clung to him. With quiet touches he brought her back. He kissed the sweat from her forehead and brushed back the hairs at her temples with his fingertips. She lowered her legs. He touched his lips to hers. She kissed him. He kissed her eyelids. She opened her eyes.

"Good day, madam."

She grinned and hugged him tightly around the waist. Her face had changed: softer, fuller. Her hard expression was turned to open blue eyes shining.

"It's been a long time for you."

"Yes."

"For me also."

"But why?"

"I don't know. When I make business, it means nothing."

"You surprise me."

"On the contrary. You have surprised me."

They chuckled.

"You speak French barbarously."

"But I understand almost everything. My grandmother was a Breton."

"But you are an American?"

"Yes."

"I'm Belgian. My name is Monique."

"My name is Steve."

"Steven."

"If you prefer."

"Good."

"It's cold." He was drenched in sweat. "Let's get under the cover."

"No. Not yet. It pleases me to feel you inside myself, small and harmless."

"But that's how to make babies."

"That's my concern."

"You're very naughty." Steve rolled off her, laughing.

"I am not a hypocrite."

The soldier groped on the floor for his shirt, took cigarettes from the pocket and lit two. He handed one to Monique.

"You are from the forest?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Is it very bad?"

"Yes."

"Poor cheri." Monique covered his stomach with kisses, then lay with her head in his lap, her lips on his penis.

"Why didn't you take off your brassiere?"

"I didn't know I would like you, cheri. I thought you were just business." She rolled onto her back and dragged at the cigarette, blowing the smoke into the soldier's pubic hair.

"Is that why you wouldn't let me kiss you?"

"Yes."

"Take it off." Steve cupped her satin-covered right breast and kissed her.

"Not now. Later, mon cher. When must you go back?"

"When they catch me. I'm AWOL," he lied. His pass was good until Monday-morning reveille.

"Then you must hide. Stay with me. Do you know the Hotel of the Two Worlds?"

"No."

"It's nearby. We'll go there now. There is a concierge, but her son will be on duty tonight. He likes me. Five-hundred francs will shut all mouths. You can sleep while I'm out."

"Out?"

"But yes. It is Friday night, cheri. I must make business."

They walked to the Two Worlds, a tall, narrow building of gray stone on a quiet, narrow street. Monique stepped into a room off the entrance hall and spoke with the concierge's son. She emerged smiling and handed Steven a key. She said her room was off the third landing, told him not to leave the key in the lock, pecked him on the cheek and

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"Now do you believe it's me?"

BEAVER HUNT

Last July we published our first *Beaver Hunt* couple. Reader response was strong. Many of you obviously supported our earlier decision to seek couple-shots from all over America. That's why we have announced a nationwide search for *Beaver Hunt* couples. Send us your loving-couples color photos, and we'll pay \$50 for each picture we select. All photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER.

As before, all entries to *Beaver Hunt*—male, female or couple—should be sent to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Use the model release on page 94, or a facsimile including all the information requested.



Debra BeVier, a 22-year-old barmaid from Grand Rapids, Michigan, likes to take part in other people's sexual fantasies. "I love to fulfill a man's wildest desires," she says. "I don't stop till he's all cummed-out." Debra did such a great job stirring up our fantasies here at HUSTLER that we wanted you to get a good hard look at this BeVier Beaver.

Photos by Art Makenios



Norine Gillson of Syracuse, New York, is a 29-year-old housewife who says she'd like to dance nude in front of strange men. Her spare time is spent taking photographs (a fine idea), cooking and reading.

"No man in the world could love my breasts like I do," says Spring Fairchild, 22, of Pontiac, Michigan. Nonetheless, her fantasy is to let someone try while making love in a meadow covered by tall grass. Spring's an artist and antique collector.



Photo by Ronald M. Carson

Photo by Eddie



Fanny Dief of Sneads Ferry, North Carolina, is only two years old, but already she's dreaming about "making it with an entire wolf pack at a nationally televised dog show." She says that her occupation is "floozie" and that her hobby is "starting fights with tomcats and then running away." Fanny doesn't explain her butch Marine cap.

Levi Farris, 22, is a coal miner, and his 19-year-old lady, Greer Lanyi, is studying to be a schoolteacher. They love to fuck in abandoned mines near their home in Morgantown, West Virginia, because "the walls down there are so cool and sweaty."



Photo by S. Cooperson

Corvallis, Oregon, is where Tania Brown, a 22-year-old outdoors girl, fantasizes about making love with two men in front of a "cozy fire."



Photo by Tom



This Filipino beauty is 24-year-old Lolita Chua, a waitress with Chinese ancestry who collects seashells in her spare time. She enjoys making love out at sea with no land in sight. No wonder General Douglas MacArthur said, "I shall return."



Melody Sullivan, a 22-year-old nurse's aide from Scottsbluff, Nebraska, says she'd like to get it on with Mick Jagger and the rest of the Rolling Stones. Meanwhile, she spends a lot of time fishing, hunting, camping and artistically shaving her beaver.

Heavily hung Willie L. Jenkins, 25, is working as a Jackson, Mississippi, bank control clerk while awaiting his first star-stuffing role in a porn film. He says he wants to jam his hunk of meat into a luscious little Japanese gal "every chance I get."



Photo by Willie L. Jenkins

Photo by S. M.



Costa Mesa, California, is where E. Montero cavorts on the beach and rides horseback. The 26-year-old housewife says her most outlandish fantasy is to swim in the surf, then have her husband lick the salt from her body.



Nineteen-year-old Karen Reiland is a La Porte, Texas, secretary. She likes to practice in her boat for her favorite fantasy—being shipwrecked on a desolate island with 20 horny seamen.

Photo by John C. Reiland

Charlotte Bryant, a 24-year-old dancer from Denver, Colorado, says she's already hot enough without pepper. Charlotte wants another lady to help her blow her main man on silk sheets.



Photo by T. Bryant



Photo by Art Andreasen

These cunt-lappers from Cardiff-by-the-Sea, California, lie out in the sun just long enough to dry their noses, then spend their evenings drinking whiskey and diving into tasty pussy. The three—Kat Katerba, Stan Andreasen and Tom Webb—claim they love to bang long-haired, tight-assed teenyboppers in the bushes behind the tennis courts.

(continued from page 50)

Unable to coerce or bribe Grace Walden into becoming a false witness, the authorities turned their attention to Charles Q. Stephens—a less valuable, but certainly more vulnerable, witness. According to cabdriver Jim McCraw, the FBI agents in Memphis had previously seized the dispatcher's records: "The FBI knew that Charlie was drunk, almost dead drunk, at the time of the killing. They knew it from my statement to the dispatcher which was made just before six o'clock that same night." The police and FBI agents knew just after the assassination that Charlie was drunk

because they had seen him. Among those who knew that Stephens was too drunk to have been a witness was Tommy Smith, then a chief investigator for the Memphis Police Department and now its Commander of Homicide.

In order to induce him to cooperate Stephens was placed in jail as a material witness, although it was known that he had witnessed nothing. Recently April Ferguson, associate director of the Citizens Commission of Inquiry, an organization investigating the murders of President John F. Kennedy and Dr. King under this reporter's guidance, visited Tommy Smith at Memphis police headquarters. Smith told her that Stephens had been so drunk at the time of the King assassination that he was worthless as a witness.

Smith then showed Ms. Ferguson the original deposition Stephens had signed ten years earlier, in which Stephens described the only man he had seen in the rooming house during the relevant time-frame. According to Stephens, that man was very thin and had receding sandy-colored hair. When Ms. Ferguson shared that information with McCraw, he began to laugh. He explained, "Charlie's describing me. I'm the only man he saw at that time. That's a perfect description of me. He saw me when I came to haul him. He looked up from the bed, saw me, and later, when he was pressured into describing the man he saw, he gave my description. I'm the only man he saw at that time."

In a recent interview with BBC television, aired in Britain on April 4, 1978, Tommy Smith said that he had seen Stephens minutes after the assassination. He added that Stephens "was in an intoxicated condition at that time, and we could not get any information from him."

The federal authorities, despite the statements of Charlie Stephens, Jim McCraw and Grace Walden, and despite the dispatcher's records at the cab company and the observations of the local police—including Tommy Smith and numerous FBI agents who saw Stephens in a drunken condition just after the murder—decided, nevertheless, that Stephens was the only remaining hope in their effort to construct a case against Ray.

Charlie Stephens knew his way around the courts and jails of Memphis. His own lawyer told me that before April 1968 Stephens had been arrested more than 200 times for public drunkenness in Memphis, and he hadn't even lived there much of that time. On one occasion he had been arrested for assault with intent to commit murder (for firing

a pistol at someone), for discharging a weapon within the city and for carrying a concealed and loaded weapon. Stephens was told about the \$100,000 reward, urged to induce Grace Walden to cooperate with the authorities and asked to sign the affidavit identifying Ray as the man he had seen in the rooming house on April 4. He was promised all the free drinks he wanted for as long as he wanted to drink. Stephens signed the document, which was then submitted by the United States government to the English authorities. Ray was returned to the United States based upon the "eyewitness" account of Charles Q. Stephens.

Stephens was given police protection for several weeks. Two officers accompanied him 24 hours a day. They discouraged all conversation with reporters and with Ray's investigator.

Lloyd Jowers, the proprietor of Jim's Grill, recalled a telephone call he received from police headquarters soon after Stephens had signed the affidavit: "I was at Jim's, and a police lieutenant called me. He said that I was to give Charlie all the beer and booze he wanted and that I was not to charge him for it. He said the police department would pay for it. Well, Charlie ran up quite a tab in a pretty short time. He was in all the time with two police officers who were always with him. Other restaurant and bar owners in the neighborhood told me that they had received a similar call from police headquarters about taking care of Charlie." Stephens, however, never did get the \$100,000 reward. He retained two attorneys, but lost in each court in which he filed suit. One of those lawyers recently told me that he personally believed Charlie had not seen *anyone* on April 4. The lawyers, in order to maintain a viable case, hid Stephens in another state in a cottage owned by one of them.

Charlie Stephens had cooperated with the local police and federal agents by making an identification that they knew to be false. While he was never able to collect the reward he had been promised, he got free drinks for a few weeks and temporary immunity from prosecution for public intoxication.

Grace Walden was another story. Since she steadfastly refused to cooperate with the authorities, she remained a serious threat to their case. If she were to be called by the defense at Ray's trial, her testimony alone might cause the jury to vote for acquittal.

It appears very likely that there was a two-pronged attack organized to prevent the truth about the assassination from ever being told. The killers would

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need to first eliminate Walden as a credible witness and, second, attempt to prevent a trial. The two matters were not unrelated. If the FBI could demonstrate to Ray that his potentially most important witness could be neutralized, he might be more inclined to accept defeat.

Two plainclothesmen from the homicide squad arrived at the rooming house while Walden was, characteristically, reading a book. The officers ordered her to accompany them to a waiting car and drove her to John Gaston Hospital, a municipal facility now known as the City of Memphis Hospital, where she was admitted to the psychiatric ward and given mind-crippling drugs. Several days later Walden was taken in chains to a courthouse. In court a doctor, who had just seen the "patient" for the first time, testified that she was hallucinating. To support that contention the doctor stated that Grace Walden "thinks she is a witness in the Martin Luther King murder trial." The doctor added that Ms. Walden "had suicidal tendencies anticipating the trial."

Every relevant state statute was violated as the judge signed a document declaring Ms. Walden to be incompetent and committed her to the Western Mental Health Institute at Bolivar, Tennessee. Ms. Walden had not been represented by counsel at the hearing; no petition had been filed in advance of the hearing; no notice had been given of the proposed hearing. The legally authorized persons to file such a petition had not been consulted, and an unauthorized person (a hospital employee) had been utilized as the petitioner on behalf of the state. The order was void *prima facie* since the relevant statute prohibits a single order from both declaring a person to be incompetent and also committing that individual to an institution. *The ruthless powers of the federal and state authorities had been demonstrated on one helpless woman.*

A decade later Grace Walden was still imprisoned at Western State. The doctor who had testified that she was suicidal was long since dead, having committed suicide some years before by swallowing the contents of three bottles of aspirin.

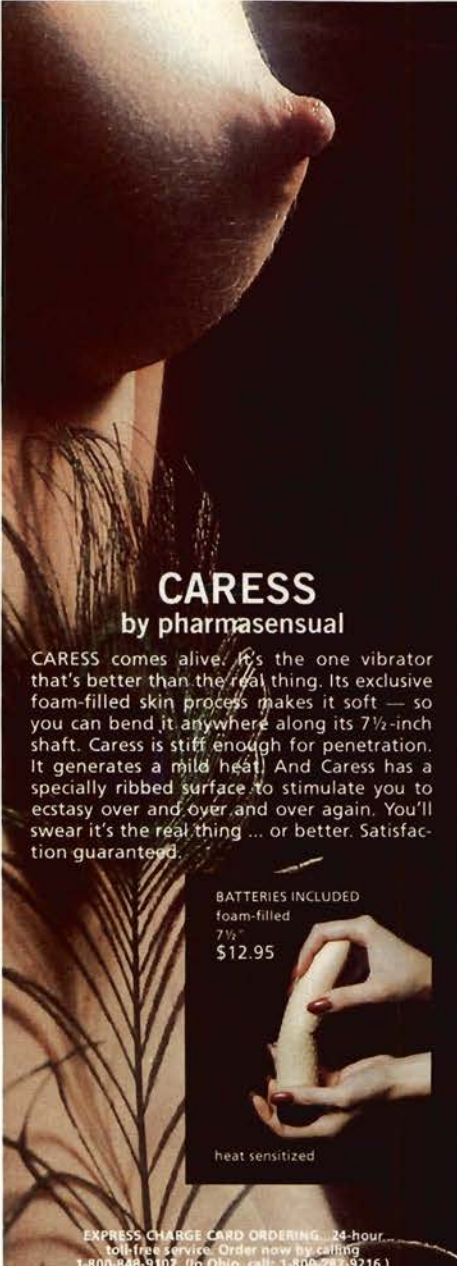
Before Ray arrived in Memphis agents from the Federal Bureau of Prisons prepared a cell for him in the city jail. Without lawful jurisdiction, they sealed the cell windows with heavy steel plates, installed bright lights, planted sensitive microphones in the cell and placed two videotape cameras so that Ray's movements could be con-

tinuously monitored. Once Ray was in the cell, two guards joined him there; they stayed less than five feet away from him at all times. The agents worked in eight-hour shifts. The lights in the cell were kept on Ray around the clock, cameras followed him each minute, and the mikes picked up and amplified every sound he made. Meetings with his lawyers were monitored by the police and federal agents. Ray told me, "After approximately two weeks one of the agents was on the verge of a nervous breakdown; they had to take him out of there."

Ray was confined to that cell for almost eight months. He lost weight. His body broke out in a terrible rash. He was unable to sleep. His nose began to bleed frequently. This debilitating experience eroded his ability to resist and threatened his capacity to reason. His lawyer told him that Stephens had been "bought" for \$100,000 and that the state could buy as many additional witnesses as it thought necessary. He was told that the one witness who could help him was locked away in a lunatic asylum and that any other defense witness who came forward would be treated similarly. He was told that unless he pleaded guilty the FBI would arrest his brothers and imprison them as well. Finally, he was told that his father, an elderly man, had violated his terms of probation 41 years before. If James Earl Ray did not enter a plea of guilty, his father would be arrested by the FBI and would, no doubt, die in an Iowa penitentiary. At that point Ray agreed to plead guilty in exchange for a 99-year sentence, thus giving up his right to a trial by jury. Ray insisted there had been a conspiracy to assassinate Dr. King, but Judge W. Preston Battle refused to permit that matter to be explored.

After Ray had been sentenced to 99 years he was transferred to the state prison in Nashville. There, for the first time in almost nine months, he was able to sleep the entire night without bright lights, cameras and police agents. In the morning Ray wrote to Battle stating that he wished to ask for a trial. A few days later, with the help of an attorney in Memphis, the prisoner filed a perfected application requesting a trial and explaining how he had been coerced into entering a guilty plea.

Judge Battle was not prepared for such a motion. Just one week after he had sentenced Ray, Battle granted an interview to Bernard Gavzer of the *Washington Post*. In that interview the jurist said he had agreed to the plea of guilty because he feared a trial, believing that Ray "could have perhaps been



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acquitted by a jury." The judge picked up Ray's application for a trial, read it and then, quite literally, dropped dead—his body was discovered a few minutes later. He had died of a stroke while reading Ray's application.

Under Tennessee Code Annotated, Section 17-117, Ray thereby earned the right to a trial. That statute states that an application for a new trial is automatically granted if a judge before whom it is pending either dies or becomes permanently insane before having issued a formal decision. *Yet the courts of Tennessee have refused to permit Ray to be tried for the murder of Dr. King*, and the matter of Section 17-117 was never brought up before the U.S. Court of Appeals or the U.S. Supreme Court.

If a trial were to take place, a great deal of relevant evidence would be available to the American people in open court for the first time. For example, we would learn what had happened to the FBI's electronic and eyeball surveillance of Dr. King just before he was assassinated.

J. Edgar Hoover, the late director of the FBI, had developed a pathological obsession about Dr. King. Not long before the attack in Memphis, Hoover had ordered the FBI to send a letter to Dr. King that, in effect, directed him to commit suicide. Apparently, Hoover's obsession had reached the point where he was willing to take action to accomplish his goal—the death of Martin Luther King, Jr.

Hoover employed scores of agents to monitor Dr. King's every move. Just before the murder, however, the surveillance was suddenly and mysteriously withdrawn. At a trial the reason for the order to discontinue the surveillance might be revealed.

Just before the assassination the Memphis police detail observing and guarding Dr. King was reduced and then almost entirely dismantled. One of the officers on the King detail was ordered to return to his home by Frank Holloman, then the director of fire and police in Memphis. The only black firemen at Fire Station No. 2, just across the street from the murder scene, were transferred to other fire stations hours prior to the shooting. Five minutes before the murder the police cars surrounding the murder scene all retired from duty temporarily because, as a Memphis official later explained, the officers "all had to go to the bathroom at the same time." Holloman had been an FBI agent for 25 years before assuming control of the Memphis police and fire departments not long before the assassination. For eight of those years he had served as the FBI's Chief Inspector

and personally ran Hoover's office in Washington, D.C.

Just days before the assassination of Dr. King on the balcony of the Lorraine Motel, Hoover had set in motion a plan to place Dr. King at that establishment. He ordered the FBI office in Memphis to send a press release to the Memphis news media that was not to be attributed to the bureau. The release was designed to drive Dr. King from the security of the large Holiday Inn Rivermont, located outside the downtown area, and into the Lorraine, which provided as much security as a shooting gallery. The Lorraine had no central entrance—all the doors to the rooms were visible. Across the street, from behind the partial cover provided by bushes and trees, were many vantage points, including the window of the communal bathroom at 418½ South Main.

Arthur Murtagh had been a special agent of the FBI for more than 20 years. Now he practices law in Constable, New York, and teaches at nearby Clarkson College. For a long time he served in Hoover's "Destroy King Squad," which was based in the FBI's Atlanta office. In Murtagh's words: "It was an organized vendetta. They were going to get King in one way or the other."

When I asked him what he believed the FBI would have done if the bureau had advance knowledge that an attempt to murder Dr. King was to be made, he said, "They would sit on it and let King get killed if the bureau felt it would not be traced back to them." He said that it was entirely conceivable to him that, given the atmosphere in Hoover's FBI, some agents might have been capable of getting involved in a plot to assassinate Dr. King.

Murtagh then recounted for me a chilling incident of April 4, 1968: "The day that King was shot I was at the office with an FBI agent who was at the supervisory level. He was a young man, twenty-nine to thirty-two years old, handsome, nice dresser, reasonably intelligent—a man the women in the office were crazy about. He was friendly with me. We heard the announcement—that King had been shot—as we were preparing to leave. This agent jumped for joy, literally leaping in the air, and yelled, 'They got Zorro! They got the son of a bitch! I hope he dies!'"

"As we signed our 'salmon cards' [location rosters], the agent explained to me how King was nothing but a 'god-damn Communist' troublemaker anyway. Then we heard that King had died. Again he was elated; he just went crazy with joy."


Following the murder of Dr. King riots broke out, and a number of

American cities were set on fire. Murtagh said that the Department of Justice called on the FBI to investigate the killing. Hoover sent the request to the Special Agent in Charge in Atlanta, who turned it over to the intelligence unit—the "Destroy King Squad." The very people who had illegally harassed Dr. King when he was alive—including the agent who jumped for joy when he died—were put in charge of the probe. Memphis had the early lead material, and FBI headquarters in Washington directed the early stages of the investigation; but within a day or two the operation was directed out of Atlanta by the "Destroy King Squad."

Recently I met with J. B. Stoner, a member of the Georgia bar. He had just been indicted in Birmingham, Alabama, and charged with the bombing of a church there in 1963. Stoner told me that during 1957 and 1958 a man he had met some years before had offered him \$25,000 to have Martin Luther King killed. That man, whom Stoner identified for me, had been responsible for the bombing of various black churches and the houses of black leaders in Birmingham. Stoner told me that he subsequently learned that the man was working as an undercover agent for the FBI.

In September 1976 the House of Representatives established a Select Committee on Assassinations to investigate the murders of President John F. Kennedy and Dr. King. That committee is now under the guidance of G. Robert Blakey. He has announced that its investigators would only be hired after being checked (and presumably cleared) by the FBI and the CIA. The hope that the House committee would conduct a serious and thorough investigation of the crimes now seems severely diminished.

Only a public and open trial can begin to provide the answers to the questions still plaguing us a decade later. Neither James Earl Ray nor his brothers sent Grace Walden to a mental institution. They did not discontinue the police and FBI surveillance of Dr. King just before his death. They did not arrange for Dr. King to stay at the Lorraine Motel, nor did they send him a note prodding him to commit suicide. They have not circulated false stories for civil liberties organizations and others to adopt and promulgate. *The refined choreography of the assassination was far beyond their combined talents and capacity.*

The truth, if it is to be known, will be known only when the American people successfully demand that the state of Tennessee put James Earl Ray on trial for the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. 

PROFILE: WILLIE NELSON

(continued from page 54)

and started knockin' on doors. I'd tell them that I was new on the job, and in order for them to be sure they knew exactly what we were sayin' and that I wasn't misinterpretin' anything in any way, the company asked me to read this.

"I'd read them the pitch, and when they'd say, 'Wall, we can't afford it,' I'd say, 'Wall, let me see what the company says about that.' On the back of the thing they had some rebuttals. I did it right from the pitch sheet." At least the look of honesty in his eyes caught a few customers off guard. That first night he sold three sets of books and went on to manage the Waco branch, of all places. I'm from Waco, and I laughed.

But Willie wasn't satisfied with the money. He wanted something meatier and a little closer to show business. He enrolled at Baylor University in Waco, worked at the campus radio station and decided that disc-jockeying was better than knocking on doors. He packed up his wife and child and headed for San Antonio. Willie had heard there were "a lot of cowboys down there that liked to dance, scream, yell and drink beer." By night he hit the dancehalls and by day he drove 30 miles to Pleasanton to work as an announcer on station KBOP. "I

always had liked to disc-jockey 'cause you'd get to play music all day long, have earphones and the whole bit. The hours, though, weren't so easy. Openin' up in the mornings can get to be a drag. Or at least it was to me 'cause I was always playin' at night, and I'd be up late."

This is your hop-diggin', snuff-dippin', tobacco-chewin', stomp-jumpin', gravy-sloppin', coffee-pot-dodgin', frog-giggin' hillbilly from Hill County.

—disc jockey Willie Nelson

Nelson headed up to Fort Worth again to put together a band and host the daily "Western Express" show on KCNC radio. In 1954, during a live broadcast, he met his closest companion of the road, drummer Paul English (for whom Leon Russell wrote "You Look Like the Devil"). English, then a scrawny teenager who'd never played the skins before, sat in for an absent drummer. Willie and Paul have stayed together ever since.

Traditionally, disc-jockeying is a transient profession, and it took Willie as far as Vancouver, Washington (near Portland, Oregon), where his country and western program on station KVAN was rated second only to Arthur

Godfrey in number of listeners.

Nelson released his first recording there in 1958, the self-penned "No Place to Go." ("The Lumberjack," written by Willie's friend, Leon Payne, was the flip-side.) Except for Payne's contribution, the record was a one-man production all the way, written by Willie Nelson, sung by Willie Nelson, released on the Willie Nelson label and published by Willie Nelson Music.

"I went down to a studio and made the record, had five-hundred copies of 'em pressed and sold 'em on the air for a buck apiece," he recalled. Eventually 2,000 copies were sold, due in part to a little sales trick Willie had picked up. As an added incentive, each record included a free, autographed 8" x 10" glossy photo.

His career as a disc jockey lasted seven years. From Washington he returned to Fort Worth to deejay one last time, and once again pursue his first love—picking in front of people. In his spare time he was also writing some amazing songs—sad tearjerkers that contained all the necessary ingredients for a country smash. Artistically, he was ready; businesswise, he still had a few things to learn.

Two of his most recorded numbers, "Family Bible" and "Night Life," were sold, if you'll pardon the pun, for a song.

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Brown	set(s) #6578 @ \$30	set(s) #6577 @ \$32	set(s) #6578 @ \$35	set(s) #6579 @ \$45
Black	set(s) #6580 @ \$30	set(s) #6581 @ \$32	set(s) #6582 @ \$35	set(s) #6583 @ \$45
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"Family Bible" went for \$50 in 1960, and the rights to "Night Life" were purchased for \$150 the next year. It was an expensive course in music-industry trade practices—"Night Life," a song recorded by numerous artists from B. B. King to Ray Price, is said to have sold in excess of 30 million copies—but Willie characteristically views the episode as an advantageous plus. The phenomenal sales of "Night Life" allowed him the luxury of buying a car, which he drove straight for the big time in his corner of the world: Nashville.

"Actually, I didn't get hurt bad 'cause I didn't have anything at the time," he claimed. "Didn't have any money, so they couldn't fuck around with that. All I could do was learn from it. I had a lot of people tryin' to rip me off along the way, but when they found out I didn't have anything, they left me alone."

Nashville was the cushiest stop yet. Willie's songs were as good as he had suspected, and other artists suddenly flocked to record them, turning them into hits—Patsy Cline's rendition of "Crazy," Faron Young's "Hello Walls" and Claude Gray's "Family Bible" were among the best-sellers. Even Joe Hinton's version of "Funny How Time Slips Away" flew up the blues charts, prophesying the broad appeal of Nelson's music. Crooner Ray Price, who first popularized "Night Life," hired Willie to play in his Cherokee Cowboys, a legendary group that included Roger Miller and Donny Young (better known as Johnny Paycheck these days). But, as comfortable as his life had become, Willie still itched to do it his own way.

"It was the line of least resistance, goin' to Nashville. I could make money writin' songs, but I couldn't get a job playin' music in Nashville," Willie explained. "So I took what was there and decided to try to get started as a songwriter and break into the pickin' end of it later. If you're a songwriter, you've got a better chance makin' it as a picker 'cause you can write your own material, and publishin' companies will put up money for somebody who can double-threat like that. It's a better investment for 'em."

For ten years he bided his time. His songs made enough money that he was permitted the indulgence of making records for the industry giant, RCA. The company, though, treated his albums mostly as well-produced demos to expose his songs to other artists, despite the fact that his records had the same lovely, lush, weeping accompaniment that was the current rage in all of Music City, USA. It was schlock too, but the company still wouldn't push his

songs. He'd escaped the small-time Texas hucksters only to come up against the faster hustlers of the music business, and the weird realities therein.

A producer told him "Crazy" had too many chords. It would never sell. As Willie saw it, "The executive producers and the record-company producers and the agents had a very small opinion of the intelligence of the people who listened to country music. They felt they were not capable of hearin' words that were longer than three syllables or songs that had more than three chords."

"For a long time they underestimated the intelligence of the people. I think they were judgin' 'em by their own intelligence. As soon as I hit town, I knew that I was in the wrong place, talkin' to the wrong people and that I should be somewhere else. But I wasn't."

After a one-year stint with Ray Price's band Willie found time to rejuvenate his own performing gigs by fronting his group, the Record Men, and mostly touring clubs and halls back in Texas, a thousand miles away from Nashville. The travel expenses usually ate up most of his profits, but he doggedly pursued live dates. "I guess I was a ham and I still am. I love to get up in front of a bunch of people and sing," he said flatly. "I like to be appreciated when it's over. I get off on that shit. I really enjoy doin' it."

Willie still hobnobbed with some execs on the golf course and was even photographed wearing white shoes, but inside what he calls "that small little mind of mine" some new ideas were brewing. He had discovered medicinal herbs to smoke for pleasure instead of Nashville's widely approved method of getting high: popping pills. Also, by 1970 a new crop of songwriters began hanging out around town trading tunes, including people like Kris Kristofferson, Lee Clayton, Mickey Newbury, Billy Joe Shaver and Waylon Jennings (whose bad-boy reputation and years of endless road travel in the West were beginning to reap positive results). Of the bunch, alternately dubbed the Outlaws or the Renegades or some such nefarious title, Willie had the closest ties with the conventional machinery; thus, he had more to lose when he grew his hair out, made public his preference for mescaline over whiskey and generally started doing things that upstanding citizens of country music's capital just didn't do.

The flower of this awakening was *Yesterday's Wine* (1971), the first serious conceptual album country listeners had ever heard. As much of a departure as it

was from the Nashville Sound's assembly-line sameness, it was virtually unpromoted and collected dust on record-store shelves. How could a promo huckster working "Okie From Muskogee" push a thinking-man's record? Willie still rates it as his second-most-favorite album (second to whatever is his latest, which invariably he rates as his best), but surprisingly he harbors no ill feelings over its neglect.

"RCA didn't really give me any problems," he related, firmly placing all the blame on his own decision to cooperate with the record-company executives. "Everything that I asked for, everything I asked Chet Atkins [then head of RCA's Nashville division] to do, everything he said he'd do, he did. I think it was just the fact that my records weren't up to par; they were maybe tryin' to go both ways with too many strings—country songs with a pop background. That could've held me back more than anything. It's not anyone's fault more than my own. At any time I could've stopped and said, 'Hey, wait. I wanna do it this way.' I did make some suggestions about doin' some more stuff more simply with just me and my guitar, but I was discouraged. So I said I'm just gonna have to wait until I'm able to be free to do what I want to do."

He hired a snarling manager to take care of his business and moved to Texas, establishing a new base of strength for what was to be known as progressive country music—country with either a rock 'n' roll or pure western-regressive touch (the latter popularized by Ernest Tubb and Lefty Frizzell).

The move to Texas was precipitated by a fire at his Ridgetop, Tennessee, farm. Fortunately, disaster couldn't have struck at a more opportune time. He camped his band on a friend's dude ranch near Bandera (in the Texas Hill Country northwest of San Antonio), started making money on the road by slashing his travel budget and eventually decided to settle in.

"It wasn't necessarily an overnight move," he said, "I was closer to where I was workin' all these years. Livin' in Nashville, I had to drive so much that I wanted to start livin' where I was workin'. It gave me more time to concentrate and get some kind of plan of action together. I knew this was probably my last shot at doin' things as far as sellin' a lot of records as a country singer. I was gettin' up in years. When you hit forty, for a picker, it's gettin' pretty close. If you haven't made it by then, a lot of people are gonna start sayin' you're over the hill and you're not gonna do it. I already had a lot of suc-

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By the AAP COMMITTEE ON HYPNOSIS

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cess as a songwriter, so I could've laid down, but I guess I was just too stubborn. I wanted to pick and sing, and I wanted to be known as a good picker and a good singer. I wasn't satisfied with bein' just a good songwriter."

Nelson was already recognized as a full-blown country star in certain parts of the world—as evidenced by one of his many pressure-cooker performances at Panther Hall in Fort Worth, a gig that survives as the *Willie Live* reissue on RCA. They remembered him in Waco too, from his much younger days when he and Bobbie rode the Interurban in from Abbott to appear on radio WACO's "Mary Holiday Amateur Talent Show." They remembered him in Dallas for the pure gall of introducing Charley Pride, a young black country singer, to northeast Texas audiences by kissing him. They *still* loved him. Willie may have been nigger-crazy or just crazy, but he still sang like a sanctified son of a preacher.

Down in Austin a new crowd began filtering into dances he played. There was more hair than usual beneath their Manny Gammage hats, and they smelled of patchouli or some foo-foo water, or plain stank of marijuana. A few years earlier such characters would have been drawn, quartered and wrapped in boxes half their size for even trying to get past the door. But the war was over, grudges had been settled, and the generation gap bridged.

At least that's the way it happened in Texas, where country music provided the perfect binder. After Willie played the Armadillo World Headquarters in 1972, packing the house and unveiling a hidden rock 'n' roll power in Jody Payne's and his own guitars, the lines separating authentic, no-shit cedar-choppers from the hippies dressing up like cedar-choppers became vaguer.

That same year, on the all-important money front, Willie tied the loose ends together at the Nashville airport. Waylon Jennings and Richie Albright (Jennings's own version of drummer Paul English) were seeing off one Neil Reshen after talking over a management deal. Reshen's previous reputation was based on his representation of jazz trumpeter Miles Davis, known to be a rather difficult musician to work with. If Reshen could handle Davis, so the reasoning went, why couldn't he handle Jennings and break him out of the New Mexico-Arizona area? At the airport Jennings and Albright had decided to seal the deal when Nelson ran into them. Willie's eyes met Reshen's. He remembered: "We sat down, and I liked him right off 'cause he was a prick. I said,

'Hey, I can get along with this guy.'"

Willie never did officially hire him. Reshen, who was recently fired, worked without a contract and claims he'd been fired at least five other times. He is, like all other managers, a swarthy, commanding presence; even in a calling as totally greasy and unethical as entertainment management, Reshen is feared by record companies, agents and press alike. But he is precisely the reason Willie Nelson is out of the vomit-stained bush leagues.

Willie succinctly described the significance of having Neil Reshen on his squad: "I had turned a lot of my business over to other people in Nashville, and I learned a lesson. Since then I've been tryin' to run everything myself, or at least keep involved and know what I'm doin' in some aspects of the business so I won't be a total dumbass."

The first step was coming to terms with Reshen, whom Willie called "the best in the business. I think he's as mean and as chickenshit as anybody they've got. I'll put him up against any of their mad-dog Jews. Put 'em right together, and he's as good as hell. If for no other reason I hired him 'cause they've got one. Whoever you're dealin' with has got a Neil somewhere in the background, guardin' that money. And if you don't have a Neil... well, then, you're at a disadvantage."

Reshen had a more humanistic view of his role: leading the uneducated raw genius out of the woods and onto the path of enlightenment and standing-room-only crowds. "They're eternally grateful for the littlest things I do," he said. "Why? Because they've played in the shittiest places, met the evilest people in the business, had money stolen from them. They never wanna go back."

I remembered cornering Reshen in San Antonio in the aftermath of the latest official Willie Nelson Annual Fourth of July Picnic in '76 and asking him about this Outlaws strut. "You want Outlaws?" he rhetorically wondered in his best street-vendor's falsetto. "I'll give you all the Outlaws you want." Reshen's greatest coup, in his own estimation, is the loss of Willie's and Waylon's last names. "I don't care what they label us," he barked one time over the phone six time zones away. "I just want Willie and Waylon to be generic names like Elvis, Frankie and Bing." He was, I surmised, one smart cookie.

The first concrete recording venture confirming there was indeed a new Willie occurred shortly after Jerry Wexler—drawn to Texas by Doug Sahm and

(continued on page 104)

by Philip W. Myers

I've fucked in the air, at sea, on a Greyhound bus, in the PX—I've fucked so much I thought I'd fucked in every possible way and place that a man and woman could do it. But I was wrong! The method I am about to describe is nothing less than a new way to make love. It's opened my eyes to the delights of group sex, although it can be practiced by just one couple alone. The major requirement, besides a well-fleshed, willing partner, is a large and very smooth floor.

Intrigued? Then I'll begin my story.

It all started a few years ago when I was in the service. I was attached to the 721st Communications Security Detachment, and we were stationed at Clark Air Force Base in the Philippines. It was a boring assignment, to put it mildly, and my buddies and I went into town every time we could get a pass. The town was small, and all we could find to do was eat, sleep, drink and fuck—not necessarily in that order.

We had a friend in town named Tony. He had recently purchased a half interest in a club just outside the Manila city limits, and he invited my squad to attend the bar-warming. Well, we were always up for a party, and so we dutifully agreed to attend, even though Tony was gay. One or two guys expressed reservations about going—they weren't sure whether it would be a gay party or a straight one. But we figured what the hell—a party is a party. Besides, the clientele at our friend's club was straight.

We arranged three-day passes for the weekend in question, got nicely tanked up on the way and arrived at the club already drunk out of our fucking minds. The party was in full swing when we got to the bar, and there was free booze and food laid out everywhere. But the real action seemed to be going on upstairs in our friend's spacious apartment.

We climbed the stairs unsteadily and found ourselves in a large living room.

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for eight-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



THE CAGLE CRAWLING FUCK

Tony greeted us enthusiastically and introduced us to the ladies: six Filipino whores wearing high-heeled shoes, long, white gloves—and nothing else. They were young and attractive; two of them had shaved their cunts, but the others made up for it. They were the hairiest four women I had ever seen!

Anyway, there was something there for everybody, and we soon made ourselves at home. Two of the guys seized on one of the shaved whores and got her on her knees. She soon proved that both her mouth and cunt were in good working order (and she didn't waste her gloved hands either). She ran the fingers of her left hand up and under the shirt of the guy who was drunkenly trying to

find her mouth with his limp prick. She seized on his left nipple, pinching and rubbing it until his cock flared into full rigidity.

Then he began to thrust into her mouth with an ever-quickenning rhythm, while she simultaneously bucked her ass very prettily to accept another guy's cock, which was ramming into her, doggy-style. She didn't keep her right hand idle, meanwhile; one of the guys sidled up to her, and she unzipped his pants and thrust her hand in.

It was about this time that the trouble started. I was sitting back in a kind of lazy haze, watching all this action go down in front of me, when Tony came up behind the airman being jacked off by the whore and started to caress his ass. Now this particular soldier was a young Arkansas farm boy, and real cute. (If you like that sort of thing!) The whore had worked his pants down to his knees, and he was showing a very smooth and curvaceous pair of white cheeks that Tony, I guess, couldn't resist.

What Tony didn't know, however, was that the Arkansas boy, PFC Will Cagle by name, was the most aggressively antihomosexual dogface of the whole bunch of us. He had been repeatedly propositioned by gays for as long as we'd known him—because, I suppose, they all found him so good-looking—and each time it happened he'd get more pissed.

So when he felt Tony's hands giving him the old double-clutch, he went fucking berserk. He jumped back from the whore, nearly losing his cock in the process (she'd automatically tightened her grip on it as he moved) and knocked Tony down with his bare ass. Tony sat heavily against the wall and Cagle followed, so that he ended up sitting forcefully on Tony's lap.

At this point Tony didn't know whether Cagle's move was positive or negative. But shit, there was that cute butt pressing right on his dingus, so he

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immediately snaked a hand around and copped Cagle's throbbing member. That was Tony's second big mistake. Bellowing like a bull, Cagle jumped to his feet (his pants, by this time, were down around his ankles) and hopped to the nearest small chair. He picked it up, hopped around and smashed it over Tony's back. That was the last our host knew for about 12 hours.

Unfortunately, the chair had been serving as a table for a tray of steaks, baked potatoes and beer. They shot everywhere—over the whores and us. Our sergeant, who was about to backdoor the kneeling whore, got a splash of ketchup on his cock. Maybe he thought it was blood (I don't know), but anyway, he was the next to lose his marbles. He picked up what was left of the chair and threw it out the window. Well, where our sergeant led, we followed! In about two minutes every stick of furniture had gone the same way, and if the whores hadn't helped, they would have been next.

One of the guys wasn't satisfied with stripping the room, so he decided to strip *himself*. His clothes went the way of the furniture. Then the rest of us staggered around the room, whooping, hollering and stripping. Pants and shirts went sailing out and down into the garden below like so much trash, together with the whores' gloves and shoes. It was a good thing the club had its own private grounds; the Manila police like nothing better than cracking the heads of drunken GIs.

At this point most of us just collapsed in a hysterical, naked heap on the floor. We were too pooped to do anything else. But not PFC Cagle. He was still suffering the emotional effects of Tony's grope and felt he had to demonstrate his heterosexuality at all costs. His pecker was the only one in the room still showing signs of life, so I don't know what he felt he had to prove. The rest of us certainly didn't give a fuck. But if a fellow thinks his manhood's been challenged, he's just got to work it out, I guess. So Cagle picked the oldest-looking, hairiest whore of the bunch, slammed her down on her back on the hardwood floor and started to fuck her like a maniac. (This is the real point of my story, folks, so hang in there.)

Try as he might, he couldn't keep the girl in one place! He'd poke her, she'd slide; he'd poke her some more, she'd slide some more. They eventually ended up going around the room three times on her ass! The Filipino was a greasy little cunt to begin with, and that, together with the slick wood floor (which by this

time was covered with a whole mess of beer and ketchup)—well, there was just *no way* they were going to keep in one spot under conditions of nearly zero friction. Cagle finally wedged the whore's head in a corner and finished her off there.

After we'd cheered the finale our sergeant called us to order.

"Gentlemen and cunts," he said. "We have just witnessed the first demonstration of the Cagle Crawling Fuck. You've seen it once, and once should be enough. Can you do it?"

"YES, SERGEANT!" we yelled.

"I CAN'T HEAR YOU!" he screamed.

"YES, SERGEANT!" we yelled a second time.

Whooping and hollering once more we grabbed all available cunt and started in. Cagle found a radio in the next room and tuned it to some loud Latin dance music. As it played, six whores were majestically propelled around the room on their asses, while six pairs of knees scraped bruisingly across the slick, wet floor. Finally, we jammed all the cunts together in the middle and damn near exploded simultaneously like a giant human firecracker.

And if you thought the floor was slick and slippery before all that cum and pussy juice started to flow, you should have seen it then. One by one we tried to get to our feet, a definite mistake on that hardwood floor. We looked for all the world like a troupe of naked clowns unsuccessfully trying to keep our balance on an ice-hockey rink.

The only one in the room who wasn't slipping around was Tony. He was still lying in the corner where Cagle had smacked him with the chair.

Eventually, the sergeant tried to restore order. The only way he could do that was to get us out of the room. Slipping and sliding, we worked our way to the door. He ordered us to stand in formation, whores included. Then he barked: "FORWARD, MARCH!" He marched us out of the building and into the swimming pool. After a rinse in the pool he marched us around the house until we found our clothes.

As I said at the beginning of my story, I've tried fucking just about every way a man can do it, but nothing before or after has given me the pleasure I received that afternoon in the Philippines while doing the Cagle Crawling Fuck. I suggest to anyone who might decide to attempt this art—and it is an art, believe me—that they should first toughen up their kneecaps (going to church should do the trick) and polish their floors. ☹



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PROFILE: WILLIE NELSON

(continued from page 100)

Atlantic Records' desire to expand into Nashville's turf—signed Willie up in 1972. *Shotgun Willie* was an ambitious venture fusing Wexler's beloved R&B horns to Nelson's revised brand of western rock. It was Willie's first record to reach the hipsters. But by the time it hit the record racks, Atlantic had already begun to lose faith in establishing a country division.

Phases and Stages, another concept album, which tells a love story from the woman's perspective on one side and the man's on the other, followed in 1974. But by then, just as in the old days, promotional support was nonexistent. "It was just bad timin'," Willie concluded. The album, nonetheless, turned 400,000 copies.

Actually, Nelson didn't reach high cotton until signing a substantial contract with Columbia. But even then the battle wasn't over. *Red Headed Stranger*, the Old West *piece de resistance*, was cut in an obscure Garland, Texas, studio for \$20,000—dirt-cheap by record-company standards. Reshen and Waylon Jennings played the tape for an unnamed (for his protection) Columbia executive, who informed them that it was a great little demo. Waylon fumed and told Reshen, "Let's go. You shouldn't breathe the same air as these kind of people. This is why people drive ninety miles in the sun to hear Willie."

Fortunately for all parties concerned, the album was released in 1975, as is, and proceeded to knock the socks off the country world. The bulk of the instrumentation was handled by Nelson's battered, well-worn Martin acoustic guitar, the one with a hole worn through where the pick guard should have been. The main accompaniment was his unrefined, plaintive voice. It would eventually sell enough to be Willie's, and country music's, second platinum album. (The first was Willie's *Wanted: The Outlaws*.) And one of the cuts, "Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain"—a song written, in fact, by Fred Rose—would win a Grammy award.

It all went back to encyclopedias, or so Willie contended. "It's merchandisin', like when I was a salesman sellin' shit. I think a record has to be put together in a nice package to where it'll be really salable." To make his packages more attractive he has displayed an unusual-for-C&W penchant for making albums that revolve around a particular theme, such as *The Troublemaker's* gospel overtone, and his album's worth of Lefty Frizzell songs, *To Lefty From*

Willie. "It seems to be logical to put ten good songs that relate to each other together in one package rather than to take ten separate songs that have nothin' to do with each other and just throw 'em in there."

But despite the abundance of unique albums, Willie's biggest peddling effort was concentrated on the live front, where he staked all his gains on the somewhat outrageous idea of hosting the largest annual beer-bust and smoke-in in the South. The Willie Nelson Annual Fourth of July Picnics, held at various outdoor sites around Texas from 1973 to 1976, were certainly famous, or infamous, depending on whether one had read or heard about them, or actually attended one of these sunbaked marathons where anywhere from 20,000 to 100,000 social deviates gathered together on some treeless plain to communally fry their brains. I endured three of these bashes, and I'm proud that I survived to tell about them.

So, in fact, is Willie. "The first picnic, in Dripping Springs, was the biggest risk I've ever taken. Even though we had the best talent in the world there, there was still the possibility that nobody would give a shit, that there would be nobody but us entertainers down there in the middle of a hot ranch in Dripping Springs. It could have been that way. It was the biggest gamble I've ever taken with my money, my career, my friends, with everything."

No respectable rock promoter would touch the project with a ten-foot pole, so in order to pull the event off, Nelson sought out many of his fabled rogues, con men and thieves—the Texas "Tote the Note" Mafia, as they were known in used-car circles—to seed his idea. Billy Ray Cooper's daddy, the Reverend George W. Cooper, even helped back the show and advertised it on his daily fire-and-brimstone radio program on XERF, a 250,000-watt border station that reached into all 50 states, Canada and Latin America. (The elder Cooper also presided over Paul English's wedding on stage at the fest and later provided Willie with gospel hymnals when he made *The Troublemaker*.)

Sixty-thousand curiosity-seekers and country-music lovers parked their butts in the sparse, rugged Hill Country, fending off sun, cacti and snakes, in the good name of Willie Nelson, for his first outing, putting him in the pages of *Billboard*, *Rolling Stone* and other major publications for promoting an outdoor show on a mass scale previously known only to rock 'n' rollers. It wasn't Woodstock, but it wasn't bad.

"It had gotten to the point where I

felt that I was better qualified to promote Willie Nelson than maybe some guy who didn't know Willie Nelson and what his sales potential was in what areas. I had a little background as a salesman, so I knew the product had to be sold. So actually I went into the merchandisin' of myself."

None of the picnics showed a profit on paper (the thieves preferred their monies under the table), and each one grew farther out of control. Bikers tended to take these things too seriously, especially when they became confused with the security forces who themselves wielded two-by-fours for "crowd control." Although Willie Nelson Day was declared by the Texas Senate for his 1975 event in Liberty Hill, landowners and county officials took him to court for violating the somewhat fuzzy state Mass Gathering Act. Area farmers tried to prevent the 1976 Gonzales picnic (held near the site where the Texan War of Independence began) because, they claimed, the noise would cause their chickens to cease laying eggs.

Some Outlaws, taking the image to heart, brandished pistols backstage for passes. Even Neil Reshen got into the act, pitting his own forces against hapless Columbia Records representatives, who were herding members of the press around like cattle. When Willie announced there would be no picnic in 1977, there was a collective sigh of relief breathed from numerous quarters. But the need had passed; he'd accomplished what he had set out to do: "A lot more people know about us than they did five years ago. I think through a lot of the media coverage on the picnics a lot of people heard about us."

Promoters, at least, finally got the word, and last year began to take picnic-styled shows into legit stadiums and coliseums. "We're still doin' concerts and we're still doin' picnics," Willie said. "We're just not doin' 'em out in the pasture anymore."

Nor is he just doin' concerts exclusively anymore. Although he said he took the Malibu apartment for relaxation, it quickly opened new vistas. Willie's upstairs neighbor turned out to be Booker T. Jones of Booker T. and the MGs ("Green Onions") fame, and after jamming with him Willie chose Booker T. to produce his most recent album (conceptual, of course), *Stardust*, which consists of Willie's all-time favorite pop songs. Malibu is also an excellent base for his latest endeavor, conquering the world of cinema. He made it sound like a logical move.

"In this day and time, movies and music are goin' hand-in-glove. This is a



period that's maybe new to the music business, but sometimes the sound track outsells the movie."

It sounds rather appealing. After all, Willie *does* look like the subjects he sings about. You can't get more authentically western, especially considering that Slim Pickens isn't immortal and Warren Oates can't perform in every cowboy movie that hits the theaters. So it appears that Nelson will take the leap, even though he complained, "I'm in more fuckin' movies than anybody else in the world, and yet I haven't seen myself on the silver screen yet."

The cynicism stems from the fact that each of the picnics has been a film project (one was, believe it or not, a 3-D attempt), and yet none has made it to general release. But Willie does have several pots on the boiler that assure him a place in the cinema. Most prominently discussed is *The Songwriter*—a film conceived by Willie and writer Bud Shrake. It is a parody of the last ten years of Nelson's life.

"It's about this guy we'll say is Waylon, and he's drivin' through Texas, listenin' to the radio, when he hears his name advertised to perform in Belton. He goes over there and shows up to see what's goin' on. Sure 'nuff, there's a guy, maybe Wendell Atkins [a Waylon lookalike and soundalike who tours

Texas in real life] in this place with a promoter like maybe Geno McCoslin [a wild-eyed Dallas club owner who promoted several Willie Nelson picnics in real life] trying to pull a fast one. Waylon finds out about it, beats the shit out of the promoter, gets his money and then goes out there and plays. But he finds out the audience is about ten times bigger here than it was at any other show around the rest of the country. So he calls me up and tells me about it. I'm in Nashville—a washed-up songwriter who's into all kinds of things there tryin' to make a dollar. Waylon calls me about this music scene down in Texas, and we decide to take over all the acts, sign 'em up to lifetime contracts, rip 'em off through the publishin'. We try to think of all the ways we can screw these artists out of their money. It's funny, kinda like a country-music *Sting*."

Then there's the movie recreation of *Red Headed Stranger*, recently bought by Universal Studios. "See, I've got a production company [Bay Pony]," Willie explained. "Me and Jan-Michael Vincent and Gary Busey [star of *The Buddy Holly Story*]. We'll decide who'll be the actors, who'll be the writers... plan the whole thing. I might not be in that one. Someone else might do the actin' 'cause I want that one to be perfect. That's got to be the Western Epic of the last ten

years. The music, the story that's imagined through the album, is gonna be hard to bring out onscreen."

And if that isn't his entree into the world of klieg lights and cameras, the possibility is very strong that Willie will play Robert Redford's sidekick in *The Electric Horseman*.

For two days I had jogged with Willie, tanned with Willie, grooved with Willie and kicked back with Willie and his crew. Hawaii, especially the island of Maui, was another dimension, yes indeed. I was getting punchy though. Some of this pair o' dice was just a little too mellow. I could see it affected some of the home folks in Willie's sideshow the same way. At the Blue Max in Lahaina, the Sausalito of Hawaii, for instance, the pretty Miss Pamela Brown (constant companion of Willie's bus driver on the mainland, Darrell Wayne English) was admonished for yelling too loud after she declared—in rebellion against all things laid back—"Damn, ah need me a drank!" I sympathized with her. After all, was this not a bar? The place smelled of northern California. I cracked a smile whenever Billy Ray Cooper summoned up a chestful of phlegm and spat it onto a palm frond or banana leaf. Pair o' dice is for looking, I concluded. Texas is for living.

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Before Nelson and Company left the island for Honolulu and the upcoming picnic, I was compelled to check out one more aspect of Willie's personality. I realized that in the hours of discussion, I'd been concentrating on the upper half of Willie's head above his crinkly eyes. His hair was slicked back, slightly greasy, just like it always had been even when he was Nashville's pet. The lower half is where the changes had gone down, where the beard presently flourished and the red hair mixed with flecks of gray. The beard hid many mysteries, I thought—the spiritual side of Uncle Willie that blended the Baptist with the mystic.

What was this aura of goodness that surrounded him? I asked one afternoon.

"Well, it's spiritual as well as mental and physical. It takes all three," Willie replied matter-of-factly. "Course, I have a philosophy about balance. I believe people who are equally balanced can take care of themselves. I like to read all kinds of philosophies. I've found something that I believe in in every book that I've picked up. Every philosophy I've read, I think most of 'em say the same thing: If you're talkin' about a long life, most of 'em tell you with a good positive attitude, exercise and a good diet you'll live a long time. Maintain a good attitude and you'll be happy. I think most of the philosophies I've read have told me that."

But Edgar Cayce and Kahlil Gibran aren't his only influences. "There's a lot like me who have the same qualities and are doin' the same thing. Not all of 'em are writers and preachers either. Some are plumbers and electricians." No matter what the star shine did to him, I concluded, Willie is still very much the common man.

If there has been any drawback to ascending into major entertaining status, it has been the drying up of his creative inkwell. Willie just doesn't write sad songs, or any other kind, these days—because, as he told me four years ago, "I've been feelin' pretty good lately." The mood hadn't changed. "I've gotten to the point now where I don't write unless I have to. I used to write 'cause I wanted to. And that's too bad, but I guess all writers get to the point where they don't have to."

But Willie hasn't completely given up the rope. There's always the chance a flash of inspiration will hit him in the noggin. "I'd like to see that happen tomorrow or tonight some time. I'd like to get up in the middle of the night and write a book. But I'm not complainin'." He is, after all, on easy street, not skid row.

Next, I wanted to pop the question

about him moving objects by just thinking about it. But even before I could ask, the hotel PR crew shuffled in to take snapshots and have Willie sign the guest book next to the names of Carol Burnett, Clint Eastwood, Tim Conway and other temporary residents of the spread. Willie smiled obligingly and accepted their flowers with grace, while Billy Ray giggled like a teenage hoodlum watching his buddy kiss the principal's ass.

Through the whole episode, which with its procession of admirers was starting to resemble Willie Nelson's day-to-day grind on the mainland, the main man remained nonplused, a condition he attributed to his high tolerance of excitability.


"Sometimes I wish I was more enthusiastic," he said, "but I'm just not. It has to be something really good to knock me out. I can't fake an expression." I noted that Willie was wearing one of his patented shit-eatin' grins when he said that.

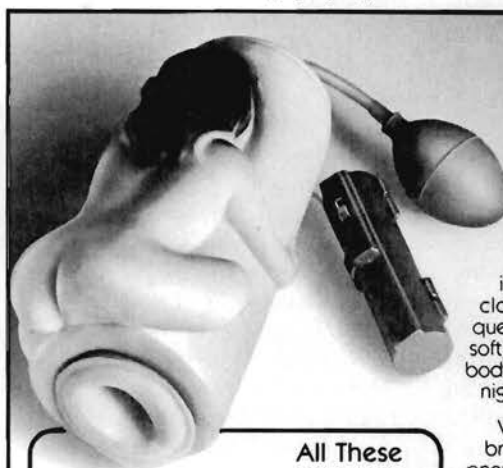
Road fever was addling the brains of the 20-man crew too by the time Willie Nelson's First Annual Aloha Picnic had started in Honolulu. Even as Willie voiced hopes of dabbling in the movies, I knew his heart was on the highway above all. He had changed since he'd last checked in with me, playing for

much higher stakes than before. But that's what crap-shooting's all about, I reasoned. Still, the image I would hold going back to the verdant fields of back-home was not of the international star in mirror sunglasses conquering Hollywood like he had conquered Nashville. It was of a simple white-trash gentleman living the Ernest Tubb story for the rest of his life.

"I'd like to have an oxygen tank right at the back of the bus," Willie told me before taking the stage at the Rainbow Bay music park in Honolulu. "And a wheelchair out front. I always think that I'd like to quit. First I was gonna retire at thirty. I've been sayin' I was gonna retire every year since I was thirty. But it doesn't look like I'm gonna do it for awhile though. I done bought too much shit to pay for."

For once, I knew Willie Nelson was lying. The real reason he will never retire is because he loves it too much. The last thing I learned is that certain desires don't leave a man just because he's reached some of his goals. The drive is still there for him to go out and do what he does best.

Willie Nelson excused himself from my side, found his sister, Bobbie, and together, holding hands, they stepped onto the stage. 



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MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

Edited by Lee Quarnstrom

We've broadened the scope of *Mail-Order Feedback* to include the lowdown on "straight" merchandise as well as on erotic goods. Suckers, as they say, are indeed born every minute, and it's this column's purpose to help you avoid being one.

Remember, the mail-order sex business has its reputable dealers. But there are also sharks who make the monster in *Jaws* look like a minnow. If you think you've been ripped off, let us know by writing: *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

SHIFTY SELLERS DEPENDABLE DEALERS

It's obvious from the huge volume of mail we get here at *HUSTLER* that the bloodsuckers in the mail-order sex business are still screwing their customers. The complaints we receive range from gripes about misleading advertisements to charges of complete and total fraud.

As regular readers know, we are no longer able to answer each and every complaint received at *Mail-Order Feedback*. There are just too many con men leaching off innocent customers, giving a bad name to the many reputable mail-order dealers. But you may rest assured that *HUSTLER* is keeping track of each complaint and is doing its best to expose these crooks. We are also doing our best to promote the many honest mail-order merchants.

Shady purveyors of porn have one thing in common: They are operating on the outdated theory that sex is dirty and that people who send in money for films or books or other sex-oriented material will be too embarrassed to complain if they get ripped off. Such dealers don't realize that the day has dawned when people can purchase explicit sexual material without shame.

HUSTLER maintains and constantly updates its list of Shifty Sellers. The companies don't find their names on this list by being on the up-and-up. They are placed there because they have cheated men and women who send in checks and money orders and expect to get something in return—something other than a screwing. Our present list includes nine Dependable Dealers and 31 Shifty Sellers.

Since *HUSTLER* serves as advocate for Americans in the field of sex, we

have a policy of not running advertisements by these shithhead Shifty Sellers. And if we learn that someone advertising with us is ripping off our readers, we drop them like a hot turd.

The **Shifty Sellers** on the list are:

American International Film Festival
Book Bargains, Inc.
Charms, Inc.
Cole Supply (Cole Products)
Collectors Supermarket
Companion Products
Contemporary American Screen Hits
Dansk Foto-Colour, USA
Distributor's Outlet
Dynamic Distributors
Enjoy Enterprises
Film Collectors
Film Finders Film Club
G. B. Enterprises
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Hornbeck Brothers
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Salvage Company
Majestic Distributors
Medi-Data, Inc.
Original Sales, Inc.
Overlook Company
Pent-R Books
Previews
Rhinebeck Brothers
The Inner Circle
True Blue Productions
Unique Distributors, Inc.
Universal Publications, Inc.
Vanguard Williams Associates
World Wide Gifts, Inc.

Here are the **Dependable Dealers** on our recently updated list:

Adult Film Xchange
House of Milan Corporation
Krow Enterprises
Mercury Services
Roxbury Press
SJK
The Legend Gallery
The Pleasure Chest
Zodiac Enterprises, Inc.

And it goes without saying that our own *Leisure Time Products* (P.O. Box 16508, Columbus, Ohio 43216) is the most dependable dealer of all.

Of course, there are other Dependable Dealers and other crooks. We're doing all we can to keep this list as up to date as possible.

FEEDBACK LETTER

I'm writing to tell you about one of the companies that ran an ad in the May 1977 *HUSTLER*. The product was a book labeled "Porno Films Gallery," which I sent for in October 1977. With the order I enclosed a money order for \$3.50 (\$2.95 for the book and 55¢ for postage and handling). I have yet to receive my book or for that matter any correspondence from these people. The address was: New Horizons, 210 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010. Any assistance to recover my money or obtain the book would be appreciated—R. M., Ceiba, Puerto Rico.

According to our advertising department, *New Horizons* is long since out of business. The postal inspector in New York City has also received complaints about this firm.

Following up on the above letter, *HUSTLER* learned that a business with a similar name has been harassed by hundreds of persons calling to gripe about *New Horizons*. This legitimate firm, *New Horizon*, publishes a Polish-American monthly magazine and a Polish-language daily newspaper in New York City. A spokesman for this company said he's received phone calls and letters from persons complaining not only about sexual material they ordered from the out-of-business *New Horizons* but also about music cassettes they ordered and failed to receive.

So if you're one of the people who got stung by *New Horizons*, please give the folks at the Polish-American publications a rest. Instead, send complaints to: Postal Inspector in Charge, General Post Office, P.O. Box 555, New York, New York 10001 (Attention: F&PM Section).

In fact, the postal inspector says that's the correct address to forward complaints involving any rip-offs by Shifty Sellers in New York. Many of the letters we get at *Mail-Order Feedback* involve dealers in the Metropolitan Area, so jot down that address.

We've also received a number of gripes about products ordered through various firms with the address 6311 Yucca Street, Hollywood, California 90028. Our advertising department tells us that this address is a mail drop. Therefore, some of the companies doing business out of that address may be legitimate, whereas others—such as the above-mentioned *Overlook Company*—are suspicious. 🐼

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- ☐ **PERSUADERS \$5**
☐ **PETER PILLS \$5**
☐ **BOTH \$9**

DEPENDABLE Products Dept. 3609
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Combination of genuine imported spices give a very stimulating effect on her private parts. 1 oz.

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Sta-Hard Pills

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5.95 for only 2.98

French Ticklers

Complete with condoms attached. Increase your sexual joys and achievements with these safe and sensuous ticklers. 3 ass't for 2.98

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reg. \$14.90 value . . . only \$10.95 (Save \$4.00)
Super Giant Special All ten sex stimulants
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Virility Pills	\$2.48
Prolong Pills	\$2.48
Erection Pills	\$2.98
Hard-On Pills	\$2.98
Sta-Hard Pills	\$2.98
Super Special any five	\$10.95
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 ★ **Adults 21 or over (state age). Send ★**
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ABORTION: MERCY?

(continued from page 82)

is no easy choice for a single or married woman about when, if and how to have children.

A disturbing aspect of the so-called sexual liberation of the last few years is that some women may have become further oppressed. They are expected to engage freely in sexual activity and ask nothing from their "equal" male partners. Women are expected to take responsibility for contraception, and should they become pregnant, they are often expected to either obtain an abortion or else support a child. Contraception, abortion and welfare are, in this society, primarily the problems of women. It is in this context that we should consider the abortion debate. Women have, for the most part, sole responsibility for the products of their bodies, but they are increasingly being told they cannot have control over their bodies.

The pro-abortion/pro-choice forces assert that abortion is essential to women in our society. They say it is an option that women turn to in a situation where contraception is not well-understood, nor completely safe or effective. It is an option turned to by women who do not wish to ruin their lives with an unwanted child. This is an essential need in a country where necessary supports for bearing and rearing children—such as child care, medical care, pregnancy-disability payments and adequate jobs or income—are not guaranteed.

More than 1 million abortions are performed each year. One-fourth of them are performed on women who require some form of monetary assistance through Medicaid or Medicare. Additionally, one-third of those who seek abortions are between 13 and 20 years of age. They are white, black, Latin and Asian; Catholic, Protestant and Jewish. They are poor, middle-class and wealthy. They choose abortion to protect their physical, psychological and economic health as well as the well-being of their loved ones. They are women who cherish life—and the quality of life. They choose abortion, not easily or glibly but as a painful, sometimes traumatic, but *necessary*, option.

Yet some people call these women murderers. The growing coalition of forces wishing to prohibit abortion has made its position clear. Some of these forces, particularly at the grass-roots level, are truly concerned with the moral questions involved in abortion—and no

one can deny these problems exist. Others, however, especially those in leadership, show a contempt for life—at least for the lives of women.

The anti-abortion/compulsory-pregnancy forces have joined together under the banner of "the Right to Life." Who they are, what they've done, what they say and what they want bear close examination.

On the religious side of the coalition is the Catholic Church hierarchy and its offshoot, the National Committee for a Human Life Amendment, created in 1975 by the National Conference of Catholic Bishops. There also exists a variety of newly formed single-issue groups, such as the National Right to Life Committee, which concentrates on lobbying for local and state laws restricting access to and funding of abortions; the Americans United for Life and the Americans for a Constitutional Convention, which are working for an amendment that could prohibit abortion, as well as lobbying for restrictive state and local ordinances; and the activist/terrorist groups, such as People Expressing a Concern for Everyone (PEACE), which makes its major activity the picketing, invasion and takeover of clinics offering abortion and birth-counseling services. The activities of all these groups have created a climate of hysteria in which at least six clinics have been firebombed or otherwise destroyed in the last several months.

In addition to these single-issue committees, the anti-abortion movement gets moral, written and financial support from groups such as the Ku Klux Klan and the John Birch Society. Most of these national formations are not collections of small, grass-roots groups eking out nickels and dimes from their members to carry on the crusade. In 1976 the Catholic Church alone raised \$906,404 for the National Committee for a Human Life Amendment. [Editor's Note: *The National Abortion Rights Action League in Washington, D.C., has requested—and the Justice Department has initiated—an investigation into the National Right to Life Committee's filing of false financial reports, particularly concerning monies collected by the Catholic Church in New York State.*]

And much of the money for these groups is obtained through the fund-raising efforts of Richard Viguerie, darling of the right wing. Viguerie is best known for his work in the National Conservative Political Action Committee, which opposes abortion, sex education, the graduated income tax, busing, affirmative-action programs and the Equal Rights Amendment. The committee

advocates "law and order," school prayer, increases in the military budget, and "states' rights."

A major congressional spokesman for the pro-lifers—Senator Jesse Helms (Republican-North Carolina)—is no small-timer either. In June 1978 Helms introduced a Human Life Amendment into the Senate on behalf of the above groups. However, Helms's concern for life is somewhat suspect. He is on record for supporting the racist, apartheid regimes in South Africa and Rhodesia, for attempting to restrict the rights of trade unions to organize and for taking a stand against such life-support measures as the Equal Rights Amendment, pregnancy-disability payments, the public funding of child-care centers, the issuance of food stamps to strikers, and affirmative-action and civil-rights legislation.

The various pro-life groups also oppose these supports. At the International Women's Conference, held in Houston in November 1977, these groups opposed civil rights for gays, equal rights for children born out of wedlock, educational aid to young pregnant women, maternity benefits, sex education in the schools, and all services to aid the poor, the aged and those in institutions. It appears that Helms's and the pro-lifers' concern with life ends at birth.

Certainly, such attitudes do not characterize the total base of the movement, but they are reflective of its leadership. The pro-lifers intend to deny abortions to all women: To this end they have developed a complex strategy that includes the building of a grass-roots movement and the use of well-paid lobbyists on the local, state and national levels.

On the community level they have fought for ordinances to restrict the availability of abortion services by pushing restrictive licensing, informed consent and parental/spousal notification requirements. On the state level they have pushed to outlaw public and private insurance payments for abortion services. On the national level they have attempted to cut off public funding of abortion, while attempting to pass a constitutional amendment forbidding it.

The most successful area of work for the anti-abortion forces is a crucial one—the denial of abortion services to poor and minority women who use Medicaid or Medicare. Last November in Congress the compulsory-pregnancy forces were able to gain passage of the Hyde Amendment, which prohibits the use of federal funds to pay for abortions. Since those receiving federally funded

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abortion were either poor, young or from a minority community, the women provided an easy target. In support of the amendment, the new right-wing/anti-woman/anti-sexuality forces were able to combine with the traditional old right-wing forces. It is instructive to note that while the so-called pro-lifers opposed Medicaid's funding of 50 percent of the costs of abortion, they raised no protest against government funding of 90 percent of the costs of sterilizations for poor and minority women.

Partial success has also come to the pro-lifers in their battle for a constitutional convention so as to pass a so-called Human Life Amendment (13 states have already passed a call to convention), the essence of which would be the guarantee of all civil rights to *any* "human life." Human life would be defined as beginning from the moment of fertilization. If such an amendment is passed, it would outlaw not only abortion but also certain contraceptives thought to prevent birth *after conception*, such as the IUD and some forms of the birth-control pill.

A constitutional convention would also present other problems. If called, it would probably be the result of a mobilization by the Birchers, the Klan, the pro-lifers and the Schlaflyites, who want to see other parts of the Constitution altered as well.

Phyllis Schlafly's view is a good example. While supporting a Human Life Amendment, she also wants to see other "family rights" legislated. These rights would include "... the right to voluntary prayer in the schools, the right to have schools teach 'the fourth R' (right and wrong) according to the Holy Scriptures ... the right to job preference for wage-earners supporting dependents [i.e., an end to affirmative action] ... and the right to defend the institution of the family by according certain rights to husbands and wives that are not given to those choosing immoral life-styles."

The spectre of such a convention has scared not only the pro-choice forces, but many others who would hate to see the Constitution under the control of the political right. The right wing is aware of this, and it is far from being upset by it. Even if the right is not successful in bringing about a constitutional convention, the steamroller movement it is building could scare Congress into passing a Human Life Amendment to prevent the free-for-all that a constitutional convention would be.

But what is the leadership of the pro-life movement and the right wing really after? Simply an end to abortion? It

appears not.

Phyllis Schlafly is not the only right-wing leader to expand the agenda. The John Birch Society pamphlet "Abortion, Yes or No" sheds further light on the question. It points out that "abortion is only one of the many issues," going on to include decay of the family, racial strife, perversion and inflation.

And it is this all-encompassing description of the American scene that strikes a responsive chord in the minds of those who form the mass support for the pro-lifers and the right wing.

Of course, no one can deny the confusion and personal misery that plague America today. Between the Vietnam War, Watergate, sexual liberation and economic chaos, many Americans live in a void filled only by diversion and insecurity—insecurities about jobs that are disappearing from the cities, about life in the cities where women (and men) are afraid to walk the streets or leave their homes untended, and about themselves, their lovers, their friends and their children—who, in the midst of fear and hopelessness, are turning more and more to alcohol and drugs for relief.

These are real problems. But the solutions that the pro-lifers and right wing put forth are irrational. They want to legislate the resurrection and stability of the family; they want to legislate a caring community; they want to legislate women back into bearing the responsibility for both.

Another John Birch Society pamphlet, "A Man Looks at the Equal Rights Amendment," will elucidate this point:

"Traditionally, a man's role as head of the family takes him away from the hearthstone. A woman is like many stones. . . . She is like graceful marble, preserving culture and tradition, and is as hard as granite with anything that threatens her home and children. . . . But always she shines like the symbol of her marriage, the perfect diamond that will reflect her growth from bride to grandmother."

And, like stones, it seems that women's rights are to be stepped on to "save society." The leadership of the pro-lifers and the right wing see the repression of emancipated women as the first step in bringing the country back to some utopia that never existed to begin with. They fear that abortion and contraception will even further dislocate sexuality from the procreative experience that they see as being the sole reason for the existence of the family. They wish to end abortion (and other rights for women) in order to push women back into the home and into

compulsory motherhood. By so doing, they think they will solve society's social ills.

Not only are such solutions unjust to women, but they are also impractical—they simply will not work. Certainly, there is a need to build new communities of care, a need to end the loneliness and fear of city and country life, a need to find interpersonal commitment and responsibility, a need for economic security—but this will not be accomplished by the degradation, repression and limitation of the options of women.

Outlawing abortion will not end abortion. It will, however, end many women's lives through botched backstreet abortions. It will also force some women, particularly poor and minority women, into unwanted sterilization.

Outlawing abortion will not end premarital or extramarital sex. It will, however, cause greater personal misery and persecution for those who continue to express a desire for sexual freedom.

Outlawing abortion will not save the nuclear family. It will, however, force more women into untenable marriages that can only end in divorce, or wife beating and child abuse. The family must find a new basis for existence if it is to survive.

The ideals of caring, of family, of community and of interpersonal responsibility cannot be legislated. They can only be created by the free choice of independent human beings in a just society.

If the nuclear family, or any family, is to exist, it cannot be based on tradition or on economic necessity or on the need to cover up an unwanted pregnancy when abortion is not available. Rather, it must be based on the woman's choice to commit herself, as an independent being, to building a relationship with another person.

If there are to be safe streets where women are free from rape and violence, and safe homes as well, women's sexual freedom should not be restricted. Rather, their freedom should be expanded through education, legislation and an end to male chauvinism. To keep women safe it is necessary to provide them with economic, social and political equality; to free them from the stigma of being sinful and deserving of punishment if they choose to assert their right to control their lives and sexuality; and to end their objectification as the prize to be won for buying the right car or stereo, smoking the right cigarette or using the right deodorant.

Ultimately, the ideal of fewer abor-

(continued on page 121)

Honey

HONEY HAS A LOT TO LEARN ABOUT ROMANCE, ALL RIGHT! WHOEVER SAYS YOU GET OUT OF LOVE WHAT YOU PUT INTO IT DOESN'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A SEVEN-INCH DICK AND A SEVEN-POUND BABY!!

TEXT: STEVE ADAMS.
ART: BRIAN FORBES.

LATE ONE NIGHT HONEY AWAKES WITH SUCH A YEN FOR BANANA-PEACH YOGURT ON WHOLE WHEAT WITH LETTUCE THAT SHE GETS UP AND HEADS DOWNTOWN TO SATISFY HER CRAVING—NOT EVEN STOPPING TO CHAT WITH HER FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS!

LUCKILY, SHE FINDS AN ALL-NIGHT DINER.

ON THE WAY HOME IN THE DARK, HONEY ACCIDENTALLY BUMPS INTO A LITTLE OLD MAN.



SIR, THERE'S A FLY ON MY SANDWICH!

THAT'S OK. IT WON'T EAT MUCH.



PLUMP AND TENDER BREASTS! FINGER-LICKING GOOD!!

I'LL SAY THEY'RE PLUMP AND TENDER! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

THE NEXT MORNING MORE STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN! HONEY THROWS OFF HER BLANKETS, THROWS ON SOME MAKEUP, THROWS OPEN THE WINDOW AND THROWS UP!!



AAAAARRHHHH!!

AND THEN IT
DAWNS ON HER !!

HONEY DECIDES IT'S
TIME TO CONSULT
PROFESSIONALS.
COULD SHE BE ---
PREGNANT?!

WE'LL NEED
YOUR COMPLETE
FINANCIAL STATE-
MENT, YOUR PARENTS'
FINANCIAL STATE-
MENT, A LIST OF
TANGIBLE PROPERTY-
ALL IN TRIPLICATE.

BUT, BUT...
ALL I WANT IS
A PREGNANCY
TEST.

BANANA-
PEACH YOGURT
SANDWICHES_SORE
TITS_MORNING
BARFS_AND NO
PERIOD! NO...
GULP!!

OH, YES, AND
WE'LL NEED
YOUR **BANKBOOK**
AS COLLATERAL!

THE AMAS INFLUENCE IS OVERWHELMING,
THE NUMBER OF MEDICAL-SCHOOL
OPENINGS IS SEVERELY LIMITED, AND
DOCTORS CAN CHARGE SKYHIGH FEES!

A RECENT SEX SURVEY SHOWS THAT MANY
GYNECOLOGISTS, BOTH MALE AND FEMALE,
ARE HAVING SEX WITH THEIR PATIENTS!

WE NEED A
**COMPUTER
BIOSPECTRAL
ANALYSIS!**

I THOUGHT YOU
COULD TELL BY A
URINE TEST.

STUPID!
YOU CAN'T
CHARGE \$150
FOR A URINE
TEST!

HONEY DISCOVERS
THAT UNDER THEIR
MASKS OF
PROFESSIONALISM
DOCTORS SHARE
SOCIETY'S
SEXUAL
HYPOCRISY!

WELL, NURSE,
AM I PREGNANT?

MOMMA,
LET ME PUT IT
LIKE DIS. IS
ALEX HALEY'S
ASSHOLE
BROWN?

ONE OF THE FEW THINGS THAT
HAS NEVER BEEN INSIDE HONEY
IS A BABY. LIKE A CONFUSED
LITTLE GIRL, HONEY RUNS
HOME !!

MOMMY,
I'M PREGNANT!

YOU'RE
KIDDING !!

I'M
COMING !!

WEREN'T YOU PRACTICING BIRTH CONTROL?

SURE! THE METHOD PRESCRIBED BY THE POPE!

WHAT DO YOU SAY I GIVE YOU SOME MORE PRACTICE?

WEREN'T YOU PRACTICING BIRTH CONTROL?

SURE! THE METHOD PRESCRIBED BY THE POPE!

WHAT DO YOU SAY I GIVE YOU SOME MORE PRACTICE?

WEREN'T YOU PRACTICING BIRTH CONTROL?

SURE!
THE METHOD PRESCRIBED BY THE POPE!

BUT A FAMILY REUNION BETWEEN MOTHER AND DAUGHTER IS INCOMPLETE WITHOUT A...

FATHER?!

**SPEAKING
OF FATHER, MY
CHILD, WHO BLEW
HIS MIRACLE EUDS
INTO YOUR SACRED
CHAMBER?**

WHAT DO YOU SAY I GIVE YOU SOME MORE PRACTICE?

HONEY REVIEWS THE SUSPECTS.

ALL THE
DUDES HAD
RIFLES, BUT
ONLY ONE HIT
THE DUCK!!

**A HEATED
ARGUMENT BEGINS!**

**ABORTION IS
MURDER! THOU
SHALT NOT KILL!!**

I CANNOT TELL A LIE, FATHER! I DON'T HAVE THE FAINTEST IDEA. WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

HONEY RETURNS TO FILL IN
TOKEN ON WHAT HAS HAPPENED.



I JUST DON'T
KNOW. HAVING AN
ABORTION SCARES
ME. IT SEEMS SO
INHUMANE. BUT IT
ALSO SEEMS INHUMANE
TO HAVE A BABY THAT
YOU CAN'T GIVE
PROPER CARE TO.

I GUESS YOU
GOTTA FIGURE ON
WHETHER THAT THING IN
YOUR BELLY IS A HUMAN
BEING OR JUST A POTENTIAL
HUMAN BEING. IF YOU THINK
IT'S JUST A SEED OF A
HUMAN BEING, REMEMBER
THAT VACUUM ABORTIONS
ARE VERY SAFE NOW.

BUT I DON'T
KNOW IF I COULD
TAKE CARE OF A KID.
WHERE WILL THE MONEY
COME FROM? I CAN'T
WORK WHEN I'M PREG-
NANT. WHO'D LOOK
AFTER THE KID AFTER
HE'S BORN AND I'M
WORKING?

WHICH IS WORSE—
KILLING A FETUS OR
BRINGING INTO THE WORLD
A BABY THAT YOU CAN'T
PROPERLY CARE FOR?
TOKEN, WHAT'LL I DO?

I CAN'T
MAKE THIS
DECISION FOR
YOU, HONEY. THIS
ONE'S YOUR
BABY... ER,
CHOICE!

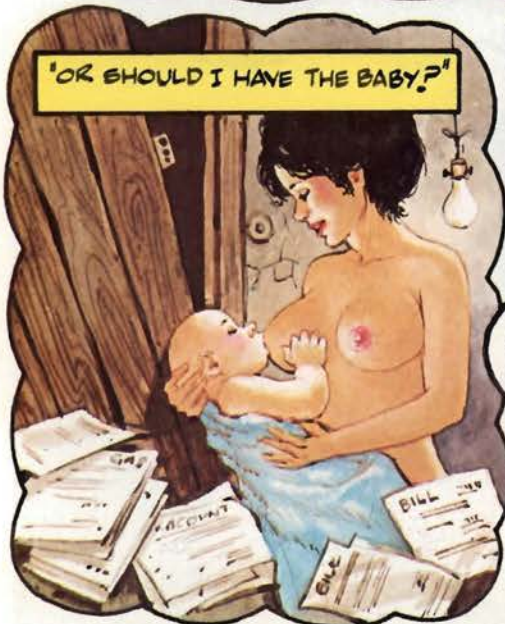


IN THE QUIET OF HER BEDROOM HONEY HAS TIME TO
THINK. THAT NIGHT SHE DREAMS—"SHOULD I HAVE AN
ABORTION? HOW DO ABORTIONS WORK?"



LATEST MEDICAL STUDIES PROVE
THAT HOSPITAL-PERFORMED
ABORTIONS CAUSE LESS RISK TO
THE MOTHER THAN DELIVERY OF
A FULL-TERM BABY.

"OR SHOULD I HAVE THE BABY?"



WHEN HONEY AWAKES, SHE
FEELS MORE LONELY
THAN EVER. BUT THEN,
LIKE MAGIC, SHE LOOKS
UP AND SEES
10 MILLION READERS
STARING DOWN AT
HER! SHE TURNS
TO THEM.

WHAT AM I
GOING TO DO? WHAT
IN THE WORLD AM I
GOING TO DO?

YOU DECIDE HONEY'S
FATE! SHOULD SHE HAVE
AN ABORTION OR NOT?
IT'S ALL UP TO YOU.
CONSIDER THE FACTS.
CONSIDER YOUR
FEELINGS !!

AND SEND YOUR ADVICE
TO:

"HONEY IN TROUBLE,"
2029 CENTURY PARK
EAST, SUITE 3800,
LOS ANGELES,
CALIFORNIA 90067.



ABORTION: MERCY?


(continued from page 116)

tions can be achieved—not by outlawing abortion but by creating the conditions that allow women a free choice concerning the bearing of children—that is, by the creation of a just society.

There are groups today in the pro-abortion/pro-choice movement that are fighting for those conditions. They are working for decent sex education in the schools, churches and community. They understand that people can only become sexually responsible when society rejects the notion of sexuality as either sinful or something to be reserved for darkened rooms, or as a "wifely" duty. They understand that sexuality must be conceived as a natural, creative, biological and social function, endless in its possibilities and, thankfully, endemic to the species.

Pro-choice groups are also fighting for pregnancy-disability payments, affirmative action, the Equal Rights Amendment, job security and safe working conditions so that a woman will no longer have to face the choice between being a wife or a poverty-stricken single mother, or between being a worker or a mother, or face the conflict between bearing a child and being able to support one.

These groups are also fighting against the most vicious anti-life excesses of American society today—the sterilization, against their will, of black, Latin and Native American women.

Also, they are fighting for freedom of sexual choice—the right to choose a sexual partner of any sex, for any time. And, finally, they are fighting to preserve and expand women's options, and they all agree that abortion must be one of those options. 

For additional information write the following organizations:

National Abortion Rights
Action League
825 15th Street NW
Washington, D.C. 20005
Telephone: 202-347-7774

National Abortion Federation
110 East 59th Street, Suite 1019
New York, New York 10022
Telephone: 212-688-8516

Planned Parenthood
Federation of America
810 7th Avenue
New York, New York 10019
Telephone: 212-541-7800

(Planned Parenthood has offices in most large cities; consult your local phone directory.)

ABORTION: MURDER?

(continued from page 73)

charge... that this was an illegal abortion. The charge here is that a human being, and not a fetus, was killed."

And he's right. It was perfectly legal for Waddill to have aborted the almost-eight-month fetus. The question is, why was this baby any *less* a human being when Waddill first injected her mother's uterus with saline—just hours prior to her delivery?

During Waddill's trial the situation really heated up in the courtroom when the prosecution called in two survivors of salt-poisoning abortions, Margo and Tiffany, who were presented to the court with their mothers. Margo was aborted when she was 29 weeks old. She is mentally intact, though she may develop cerebral palsy as she matures. The other baby girl, Tiffany, was aborted at 26 weeks. She suffers from impaired vision and congenital heart disease, and may be retarded.

The prosecution introduced the girls to demonstrate that not every saline-aborted fetus is delivered dead. Understandably, pro-life activists feel that the experience of these two babies casts harsh light on the assertion that abortion destroys a "product of reproduction"—though that's exactly what Waddill's trial attorney, Charles Weedman, called the baby his client had aborted. There is no doubt that late abortions are a particularly grisly element of the legalized-abortion scene today in the United States. Avalon Memorial Hospital in Los Angeles, where Margo was aborted, has performed more than 10,000 salt-poisoning abortions to date, involving the destruction of fetuses 15 to 16 weeks of age and older.

Yet the incredible fact remains that we often regard unborn babies as having basic human rights. Dr. L. L. Barry de Veber, a prominent pediatrician at the War Memorial Children's Hospital in London, Ontario, said: "Unborn babies are really considered patients now along with their mothers." The list of ailments that may affect the fetus and may now be treated grows steadily. Dr. A. W. Liley of New Zealand, who pioneered the use of blood transfusion for unborn infants, reports that we may now treat babies born as early as 17 weeks after fertilization with good hope for survival.

Oddly, at the same time that it is argued that unborn humans have no clear legal rights, advanced medical care is making it more and more possible to save babies born prematurely. The youngest premature baby known is a boy who was born in Cincinnati after a

19-week, six-day gestation. And there are now six other documented survivors of abortions performed between the 20th and 24th weeks.

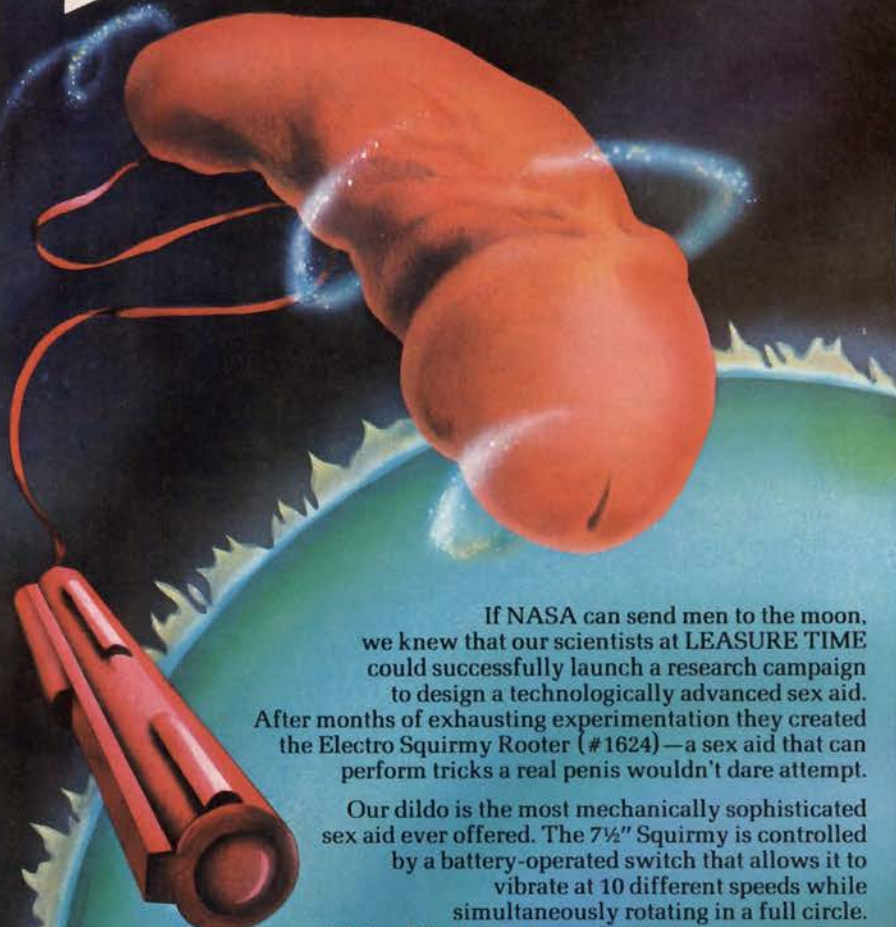
As medical care advances in the years to come, it will be common to save babies born before the 20-week period, and "birth" is going to seem like a rather shaky basis on which to grant the right to live. In fact, the idea of birth as a radical milestone in the development of human life is pretty obsolete anyway.

America may yet decide that it doesn't embrace abortion—certainly that it doesn't approve of the current law making abortion legal for the full nine months of pregnancy. Even some abortionists are having second thoughts about their practices. Perhaps the most dramatic and articulate reversal has come from Dr. Bernard N. Nathanson, himself a founder of the National Association for Repeal of Abortion Laws. Although Dr. Nathanson still believes that abortion is justified, in 1974 he stated in *The New England Journal of Medicine* (Volume 291, Number 22) that there "is no longer any serious doubt in my mind that human life exists within the womb from the very onset of pregnancy." Whatever the doctor's practice, his thinking far surpasses the level of understanding found in his own association's pamphlet "Debating the Opposition," in which the plain fact of human life before birth is discarded as a matter of "theology," while rather ludicrous attempts are made on the part of the writers to dehumanize the fetus into a dollop of jelly.

Protest over the present abortion law in the U.S. recently came from Clare Boothe Luce, a committed feminist and strong advocate of the Equal Rights Amendment. Ms. Luce, who went to work 55 years ago in Washington, D.C., for Alice Paul, the "mother" of the Equal Rights Amendment, said, "I do not accept the extraordinary proposition that women cannot achieve equal rights before the law until all women are given the legal right to empty their wombs at will."

Speaking directly to Ms. Carol Burris, president of Women's Lobby, Inc.—a group that upholds the Supreme Court decision on abortion—Luce blasted in a letter, "I do not care to be identified with a campaign that has already done so much to jeopardize the passage of ERA. If ERA fails to pass... a large part of the blame must fall on those misguided feminists who have tried to make the extraneous issue of unrestricted and federally funded abortion the centerpiece of the Equal Rights struggle."

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As for the rest of the country, it looks as if a lot of us accept a basically pro-life point of view. According to Professor Judith Blake, a highly respected demographer and sociologist at the University of California at Los Angeles, public opinion is definitely weighted against available abortion after the first 12 weeks of pregnancy, and the majority of women appear to accept that human life begins at fertilization. These findings were the result of a study Professor Blake undertook to record American attitudes toward abortion in the early 1970s as they appeared in public-opinion polls. Two of the polls, which lumped together masculine and feminine opinion, averaged out to a 57-percent majority against abortion on demand.

If the United States ever decides that it doesn't want abortion, what will be needed in its place? The answer, of course, is family planning. Anyone who has been involved in the abortion issue will recall those times when a debate has degenerated into a hopeless debacle—both sides throwing up their arms and shouting for "universally available and safe" methods of contraception. Don't believe it when you hear that anti-abortionists oppose birth control. Most of them are for it. In fact, practically everyone in the pro-life movement accepts the concept of family planning as a responsible choice—provided it entails the *prevention of fertilization and not the destruction of a life already begun*. To be opposed to the violence of abortion is not to be against the right of couples to understand their fertility and to prevent fertilization according to personal conscience and belief.

The hard fact is that American men and women are going to have to decide exactly what they want out of family planning. Are they interested in preventing fertilization, or are they interested in having abortions? Easily available abortion has been touted as the almighty backup for failed contraception, but the unavoidable fact is that abortion, if it is easily available, tends not to reinforce but to replace contraceptive responsibility.

One of the most interesting studies to date supporting this fact comes from Canada, where the abortion law was liberalized in 1969. A major finding of Dr. Robin Badgley's *Report on the Operation of the Abortion Law* was that more than twice as many women were having repeat abortions in 1976 than in 1974. Almost 50 percent of these women were not practicing birth control when they became pregnant a second time! Twenty percent of that group, Dr. Badgley reported, thought an unplanned preg-

nancy couldn't happen to them again.

While it is true that most pro-life people encourage the responsible prevention of fertilization, the phrase "Every child a wanted child" is apt to unhinge them very rapidly, especially since it is directed against the victims of abortion. The logical conclusion to that statement is "If not wanted, killed!" Put simply, the "right to be wanted" is a privilege that can easily develop into a liability. For instance, by only visiting places where they were "wanted," American women could find themselves locked out of most bastions of male dominance overnight. The principle hardly ever benefits the holder of the asset—that's why pro-life activists seriously object to it as a social slogan.

Of course, everyone agrees that fetuses should always be wanted by their parents, right? Or else they'll grow up to a life of misery and might even be battered, right?

Wrong. To the credit of the human species, the dynamics of human motivation just aren't that simple.

Since they coined the phrase "Every child a wanted child," it might be worth noting International Planned Parenthood Federation's write-up of a recent Czech study of women denied abortions (*IPPF Medical Bulletin*, December 1975). Calling the study one of "unprecedented carefulness," the federation noted that the disadvantages experienced by the unwanted babies were "slight" and that "no adverse characteristics could be predicted for an individual child born to a woman refused an abortion."

Similarly, an ongoing study of 600 battered children by Dr. Edward Lenoski, Professor of Pediatrics at the University of Southern California, has found that 91 percent of the battered children who were admitted to Dr. Lenoski's medical center were the results of *planned* pregnancies. Moreover, anthropologist Margaret Mead reported to a recent U.S. convention on child abuse that "the child abuser is a parent with too much maternal or paternal feeling, not too little."

Clearly, it's time for the U.S. to separate the problems of unwanted pregnancy and the problems of the battered child and the abusive parent. The tragedy is that while abortion is "solving" unwanted pregnancy when contraception before the fact and adoption afterward would do just as well, it hasn't even begun to counter the rate of child abuse that continues to rise every year. The two problems are and should remain distinct.

Yet even the availability of contraception in an atmosphere that encourages

respect for life is not enough. North American society encourages free sexual expression; but it does not really accept the right of the single pregnant woman to live peacefully and with dignity, or the responsibility of her male partner to involve himself with her pregnancy.

Still true today? You bet.

FACT: According to Marjory Mecklenburg, in a brief presented to the U.S. Senate's Committee on the Judiciary, many school systems in the U.S., both public and private, force single pregnant women to leave their regular classes and enter special segregated classes. Adds Ms. Mecklenburg wryly, "The baby's father, often also a student, is never subjected to such segregation or notice."

FACT: An unmarried Canadian regional controller delivers a baby. The child's birth is announced on the front page of the *Toronto Star* and sparks extraordinary protest from angry readers who denounce the mother as "an improper example," "outrageous" and "shocking."

FACT: Garrett Hardin, a prominent retired biologist from the University of California at Santa Barbara, says that in order to discourage unwanted pregnancy "we must more and more emphasize the *non-right* [emphasis his] of the individual woman to continue a pregnancy in utter disregard of the interests of the significant persons in her life [and] . . . the social sin of a girl's becoming pregnant without considering the interests of everyone else concerned."

North Americans now acknowledge that women have a capacity for sexual enjoyment equal with men, but frown on the realization of female sexuality in pregnancy outside marriage. Easily available abortion only accommodates our prejudices toward the unwed pregnant woman. Instead of asking women to abort out of consideration for the "significant persons" in their lives, why don't we ask those persons—husbands and lovers—to support women during their pregnancies so that no woman need feel she must have an abortion to appease her sexual partner?


Volunteers for Birthright, a worldwide organization assisting women through their unplanned or unwanted pregnancies, report the interest of the male partner to be of great significance in determining the woman's attraction to abortion. Said one volunteer, "My experience is that if the guy phones in and says he's interested in having the baby and wants to know how he can help his girlfriend, then she won't be so interested in having an abortion. But if he doesn't give a damn, and she has no support from anyone—boyfriend or family—abortion is going to look like

the only answer to her. It's just too hard for the woman to do it alone."

Only a few organizations, such as the La Leche League (which offers women instruction in breast-feeding), actively seek to develop the male role during pregnancy. Lip service is continually paid by feminists to the idea of male liberation and the encouragement of male supportiveness, expressiveness, etc., but the entrenchment of the absolute right to abortion in American society only keeps men severed from their full reproductive instincts and discourages their acceptance of sexual responsibility.

To be sure, there will be those who say that abortion denies none of these good possibilities since it disposes only of unwanted pregnancies. Aside from objections based on the violence of human abortion, a point may be raised regarding the nature of human preference—it is something that is influenced by many factors, some of them, perhaps, not even consciously felt. The unwanted pregnancy is in part dictated by the non-receptiveness of the woman's personal situation, as in: "I can't have this baby now. My man will leave me. I couldn't keep my job."

The aim of any program that encourages alternatives to abortion should be the fostering and protection of the woman's current life-style or the development of a sounder one. No woman should have to seek an abortion because she feels her surroundings will crumble under the strain of a new set of needs.

Idealistic? Maybe. But the U.S. will never abandon its wholesale disposal of human offspring until it believes it possible to accommodate every human life. And until we discourage abortion, we'll never know how good our alternatives really are. 

For additional information on the pro-life movement write the following organizations:

Alternatives to Abortion,
International
Hillcrest Hotel, Suite 511
241 16th Street
Toledo, Ohio 43699
Telephone: 419-248-4471

American Citizens Concerned
for Life
1629 K Street NW
Washington, D.C. 20006
Telephone: 202-758-8448

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SOLDIER AND THE WHORE

(continued from page 88)

walked back out into the night. It felt domestic, as if they had been doing the same scene for years.

Monique's room contained a double bed with a sky-blue coverlet, a bedside cabinet, a straight-backed chair by a wall-high window, the inevitable washbowl and bidet, and a dark oak wardrobe with a mirror on the door. The wallpaper was striped blue and white. The room smelled of Monique and stale cigarette smoke. Steve put his AWOL bag under the bed and went to sleep.

He didn't know how long he'd been asleep when Monique came in. It was still dark. He listened to the small night sounds of her undressing. She quietly used the bidet, then slipped into bed. She snuggled up against him, a chilled, naked animal trying to get warm. Her feet were freezing. Steve put his arm around her and cupped her breast. He kissed her on the top of her head.

"How was the hunting?"

"It was marvelous. The Canadians were paid last week."

"Lucky bastards get paid twice a month. You must be tired?"

"Not so much, cheri. Only a little sore and very cold. I will not have to work again until late tomorrow night. The spring has come. It rains. We will have all day tomorrow."

Monique began kissing his chest. Her hand found his penis. "You are hard, cheri." She cupped his scrotum, lowered her head and took his erection into her mouth. She rolled her tongue around it, drenching his penis with her saliva. Then she rolled onto her side, her back to him.

Steve turned into her, spoon-fashion. Monique reached back and guided his organ between her buttocks, pressing his glans against her anus. He tried to push into her, but her sphincter was rigid. Blindly he battered himself against her.

"A moment, cheri. You are hurting me." Monique got onto her hands and knees atop the covers. She spit into her hand, slipped it between her legs and massaged her anus. Laying her face into a pillow, she spread her buttocks with both hands.

Behind her, on his knees, Steven licked and inserted first one fingertip and then another as her sphincter muscles relaxed. Then he guided the head of his erection to Monique's puckered anus, seized her hips and slowly drove into her, spreading the sensitive tissues.

She moaned and pushed herself back onto his shaft. Impaled, she quivered

and sobbed. "Good. Oh, good. Oh, my god, it's good." Monique turned her head, rested on her arms and glued her lips to Steve's. He bit the soft flesh of her shoulder, ground his hips against her ass once and exploded into her bowels.

Monique collapsed, screaming into the pillow. Shuddering spasms slowly racked her body. Steve's penis jerked from her rectum. He sprawled atop her, still ejaculating over her buttocks and thighs.

They lay like that for several moments. Gradually Monique stopped quivering. Steve pulled his wet hand out from between her legs and rolled onto his back. She snuggled against him. She then caressed his penis and scrotum with her right hand, smearing her fingers with their juices. She smelled her fingers, wiped them across her lips, then licked them clean. She smiled at Steve. He hugged her tightly to him.

"I knew you would be lucky for me," Monique whispered in his ear.

When Steve awoke, sunlight was streaming in through the tall window. He reached for a cigarette on the table, lit it and eased himself up into a sitting position. Monique still slept, her back to him. The air was warm. He blew gray billows of smoke into the shaft of sunshine and watched them boil in the gold. Water gurgled and chuckled down the ancient pipes of the building. Steve wanted to laugh. It was a beautiful spring day.

Monique stirred. He felt her looking at him and turned his head. She smiled and held out her arms.

They fucked again, long and slowly this time, like uncoiling in warm oil. Afterward Monique made coffee at the bedside table on a hot plate, her breasts nestled between her deftly moving arms, her blond hair a sun-filled halo around her face, her broad back drenched in golden light.

They grinned. Both tried to talk at once. They kissed. They giggled. She mimicked his atrocious accent and solemn manner. He accused her of having the feet of a plowboy. She admitted that her father was a potato farmer. He tried to tell her about growing up in California, but she clearly didn't believe him. They laughed a lot. He kissed the top of her head and told her that he loved her. He hadn't meant to say it, and he knew at once that he had lied. Fortunately, Monique ignored him.

She got up from the bed and began putting the coffee things away. She suggested they walk in the sunshine, eat lunch at a Russian cafe she knew and then see a film. Steve agreed. They washed themselves at the bidet and

dressed. Monique mentioned that she had enough money saved to get them out of Paris for a while, away from the American Military Police. She suggested they go to Nice. Steve said he only had enough money for a few days, and no civilian clothes. She said not to worry, and that so long as they lived quietly, they would be all right.

In front of the Two Worlds, Monique hooked her arm through the soldier's and took the inside of the curb. Near the end of the quiet street three young girls in print dresses and blue cotton smocks jumped rope in a patch of sunlight. The two girls turning the rope chanted a shrill rhyme about a sow. The girl jumping shrieked with laughter, her knees bobbing in the sun, her pigtails bouncing. As they passed, the girls stared. "Foreign soldier and his whore," Steve could almost hear them thinking.

At the corner Steve and Monique turned toward Boulevard Montmartre. His uniform felt too tight and the sun too warm. Monique squeezed his arm into her side. He had not shaved. He had not cleaned his teeth. He felt sticky. They reached Place Pigalle.

There were many people out for the sun. At the cafes white-aproned waiters in shirt-sleeves, waddling like king penguins, cranked down awnings and twisted small round tables out onto the sidewalk. Penguins from rival cafes shouted good-natured penguin obscenities at one another. People sat at the tables, drinking coffee, reading newspapers, talking with their hands. Two men in blue smocks rolled empty barrels up an inclined plane into the back of a stake truck that looked like World War I surplus.

But as Steve and Monique walked by, it seemed to him that people fell silent and gave them hard looks. An Algerian, his eyes goggled behind glittering spectacles, rugs draped over both his shoulders, seized Steve's arm. Talking fast, the Arab offered to sell a rug, a fountain pen, a wristwatch, dirty photographs, opium and an exhibition featuring his two sisters and a donkey. Steve jerked his arm away and told the man to take himself off. The Algerian turned to Monique and begged her to share the rich American. Steve shoved him off the sidewalk. From the gutter the short, brown man screamed, "Cheap whore!"

Now everyone looked at them. Steve could feel their slimy eye tracks. Sordid. A soldier and his whore. Everyone could tell, even the children. She was so damned obvious. Dry, frizzly hair. Open-toed shoes with rundown spiked heels. Dirty black suit with dandruff on the shoulders. Too much lipstick.

Square hands with chips of red polish on her fingernails. A roll of fat bulging over the top of her skirt. It stuck out all over her. Whore.

Steve jerked his arm free of hers and strode ahead. Monique had to run to catch up. He ducked into a shop. It was a bookstore. Monique followed.

An old woman behind the counter looked up and silently pointed to a shelf bearing copies of Henry Miller's *Tropics* works. Steve ignored her and stepped to the back of the shop. He pretended to read the titles there. Monique tried to take his hand. He shook her off and moved to another section of books. Again she tried to take his hand. Again he jerked away. She spun him around by the shoulder.

"You are ashamed of me."

She hit him full in the face with her fist. "Bastard!" His nose began to bleed. Monique turned on her heels and left the shop. The old woman laughed without sound.

The soldier walked for a long time, dabbing at his nose with his handkerchief. When he awoke from his daze, he found that he had walked to the Tuileries. He continued on to the Louvre. In the Annex, standing before a wartime reproduction of a Modigliani nude, he admitted to himself that he would have to return to the Two Worlds for his

AWOL bag. Perhaps she would not be there later? No, he had left his key in the room. He would have to face her. It was raining again. He took the Metro.

"Come."

She was in bed with the covers pulled up under her chin. The room was cold. "I came back for my things."

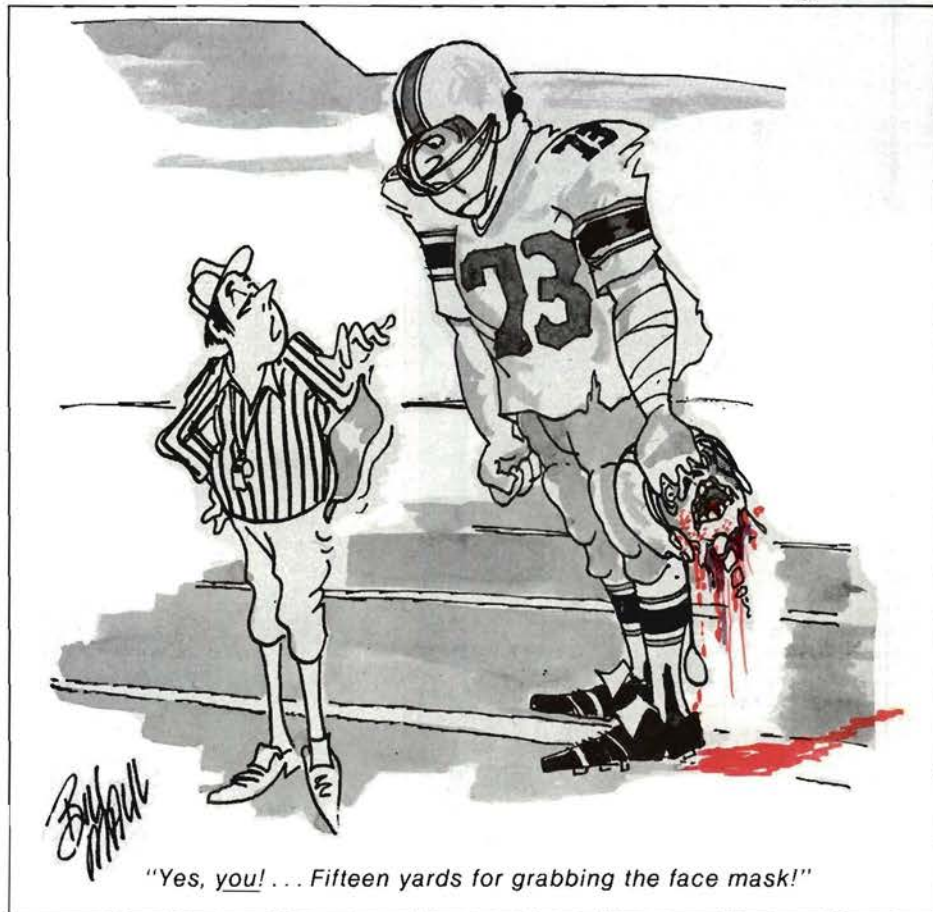
He slid the AWOL bag from under the bed and turned toward the door. His back to her, he said, "I'm sorry."

He turned. She held out her arms. They kissed, hands seeking one another's flesh through cloth. He stood, squeezed both her hands in his and turned for the door.

"Don't go, cheri," she said in a small voice. "It rains."

But he went.

As his train pulled out of Gare d'Austerlitz, rain turned to sleet. He had lost something. He could not have said what. Sleet turned to snow. Slivers of ice began freezing against the inside of the window. The train sped through a bleak world. He thought of Monique alone in a doorway, alone with the night and the cold and the silent snow. He fumbled in his shirt pocket for a cigarette. His fingers found folded paper. He pulled out a packet of 1,000-franc notes. There were three of them. They smelled of perfume—like a false spring.



"Yes, you! . . . Fifteen yards for grabbing the face mask!"

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Preview

DECEMBER

CHILDREN, SEX AND SOCIETY—Sexual repression has turned us into a nation of perverts. In this excerpt from *The Sex Atlas*, Dr. Erwin Haeberle of the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality shows that other countries introduce sex to children at an early age and produce healthier citizens. Complete with an unusual photo-spread.



THE ASSASSINATION OF MALCOLM X—Who were the real killers? Evidence suggests that New York City's secret police squad, the FBI and the CIA were all involved in the icing of Malcolm X, to prevent him from uniting the militant black-nationalist movement. An exclusive investigative report by Eric Norden.



IN SEARCH OF A NECROPHILIAC—When you start digging for cold facts about screwing cadavers, you find strange people in strange places. *The Naked and the Dead* was never like this! By Richard Milner.

PROFILE: FATHER DEPAUL GENSKA—This Franciscan priest walks the streets of New York looking for whores. A card-carrying member of the hookers' union, COYOTE, Father Genska is crusading inside and outside of the Roman Catholic Church to improve the human rights of prostitutes and encourage the celebration of sensuality. Flo Kennedy and Irene Davall report.

THE HITCHHIKER—Two buddies driving from Akron to Reno meet up with a nympho hitchhiker and suddenly find themselves heading for the end of the road. Fiction by Zbigniew Kindela.



PHOTO-FEATURES—In addition to HUSTLER's usual array of horny pics, you'll see how low a delectable gringa girl must go to bribe her way past a Tijuana jailer.

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